LOOK! READ! "HER SCATHING TRIAL" BEGINS IN LEDGER NEXT WEEK

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LEONE'S LOVERS; Or Drawley's Crime.

By THE AUTHOR OF "DOCTOR RENHART'S WIFE," etc.

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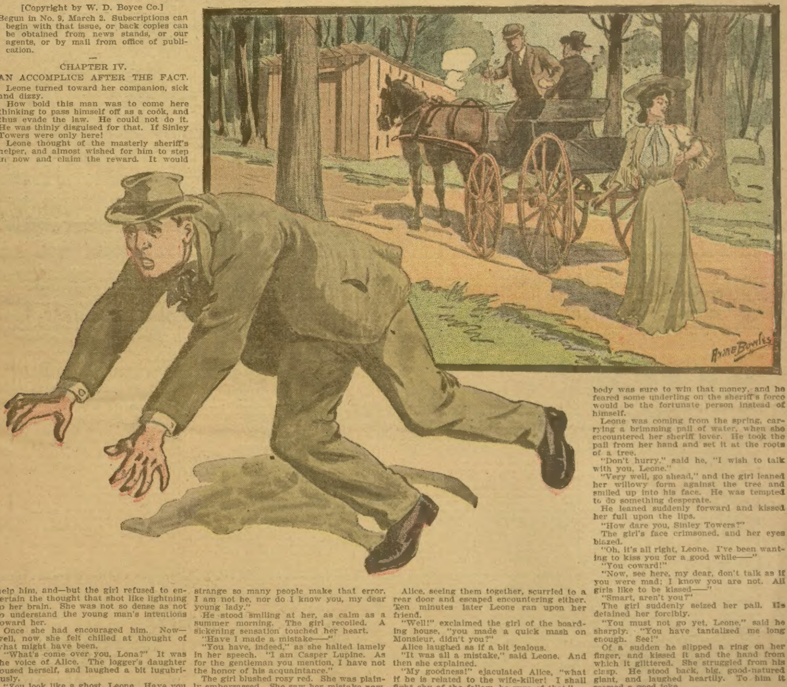
CHAPTER IV.

AN ACCOMPLICE AFTER THE FACT.

Leone turned toward her companion, sick and dizzy.

How bold this man was to come here thinking to pass himself off as a cook, and thus evade the law. He could not do it. He was thinly disguised for that. If Sinley Towers were only here!

Leone thought of the masterly sheriff's helper, and almost wished for him to step in now and claim the reward. It would help him, and—but the girl refused to entertain the thought that shot like lightning to her brain. She was not so dense as not to understand the young man's intentions toward her.



Once she had encouraged him. Now—well, now she felt chilled at thought of what might have been.

"What's come over you, Lona?" It was the voice of Alice. The logger's daughter roused herself, and laughed a bit lugubriously.

"You look like a ghost, Leone. Have you seen one?"

"Yes, a dozen of them."

"Well, now, that is queer. You——"

But Leone was hurrying from the spot. She saw the man of the carriage walking across the yard in front of the living room of the house. She must speak with him if it cost her her life. His face held her in a spell. Its magic beauty was appalling.

"Albert Drawley, I know you!"

A pale-faced woman faced the new cook, her eyes alight with intense feeling, her bosom rising and falling with wild inward emotion.

The man paused and stared. Suddenly a smile touched his Grecian face.

"Ah, yes, I see," he said, "one of the ladies of the house."

He held out his hand. She did not accept it. Instead she drew away.

"How can you expect to escape," she said in low, half-whispered tones. "You have run into the lion's den. The hounds of the law will soon find you here, Albert Drawley."

"Albert Drawley," he mimicked. "How strange so many people make that error. I am not he, nor do I know you, my dear young lady."

He stood smiling at her, as calm as a summer morning. The girl recoiled. A sickening sensation touched her heart.

"Have I made a mistake——"

"You have, indeed," as she halted lamely in her speech. "I am Casper Lupine. As for the gentleman you mention, I have not the honor of his acquaintance."

The girl blushed rosy red. She was plainly embarrassed. She saw her mistake now. There was a difference. This man wore a black mustache; Albert Drawley had none. His face was smooth and boyish. Leone felt small.

Divining her thoughts he said:

"No harm has been done. I shall be pleased to know you, Miss——"

"Gannon."

"Ah, Miss Gannon, it is a pleasure to know you," and again the man extended his hand.

This time the girl accepted the man's proffer of friendship. The touch of his slim fingers thrilled her. How like he was to the man she had befriended in the spring thicket. And yet he was not the same, she was aware of that now. The resemblance, however, was startling.

"I beg pardon for the mistake I made," she essayed, in lame apology.

"I am glad of it," and he laughed musically. His white, even teeth were like pearls. His voice was low and gentle, and his whole appearance was attractive. Leone was more pleased than otherwise at the outcome.

Alice, seeing them together, scurried to a rear door and escaped encountering either. Ten minutes later Leone ran upon her friend.

"Well!" exclaimed the girl of the boarding house, "you made a quick mash on Monsieur, didn't you?"

Alice laughed as if a bit jealous.

"It was all a mistake," said Leone. And then she explained.

"My goodness!" ejaculated Alice, "what if he is related to the wife-killer! I shall fight shy of the fellow, be sure of that."

"He is a perfect gentleman," said Leone.

"Oh, yes, of course."

Leone soon returned home. She said nothing to her stepmother about the new cook at Hinsbrow's Camp. There was very little affinity between the two. At any rate, the girl had never made a confidante of her stepmother, and of late an intense longing had entered the heart of the girl to escape from the woods to more civilized society. Leone was not an uneducated girl. She had graduated from a girls' boarding school, her father taking pride in pushing his only child to the front.

Leone had never been quite reconciled to a return to the old life in the pine woods, although there was a certain attraction about the wild freedom of the forest that appealed to her.

The girl's whole life had been passed in the backwoods towns save for the two years she went away for schooling.

Soon after her visit at Hinsbrow's Camp Sinley Towers called at Gannon's. He was not in the best of humor because of his non-success in the Drawley case. Somebody was sure to win that money, and he feared some underling on the sheriff's force would be the fortunate person instead of himself.

Leone was coming from the spring, carrying a brimming pail of water, when she encountered her sheriff lover. He took the pail from her hand and set it at the roots of a tree.

"Don't hurry," said he, "I wish to talk with you, Leone."

"Very well, go ahead," and the girl leaned her willowy form against the tree and smiled up into his face. He was tempted to do something desperate.

He leaned suddenly forward and kissed her full upon the lips.

"How dare you, Sinley Towers?"

The girl's face crimsoned, and her eyes blazed.

"Oh, it's all right, Leone. I've been wanting to kiss you for a good while——"

"You coward!"

"Now, see here, my dear, don't talk as if you were mad; I know you are not. All girls like to be kissed——"

"Smart, aren't you?"

The girl suddenly seized her pail. He detained her forcibly.

"You must not go yet, Leone," said he sharply. "You have tantalized me long enough. See!"

Of a sudden he slipped a ring on her finger, and kissed it and the hand from which it glittered. She struggled from his clasp. He stood back, big, good-natured giant, and laughed heartily. To him it seemed a good joke.

The girl was hot with anger.

She attempted to snatch the ring free. It clung, however.

"You can't get it off, Leone," said he in his masterful way. "Our love is wound in the ring, and from now forward the world will know that you belong to me."

He ceased to laugh. His face became very white and grave. He suddenly laid hold of her plump arms and compelled her attention. She did not offer to escape. Strange and conflicting emotions held her fast. She felt that she ought to hate this man with his domineering ways.

There was something magnetic about him after all. A dark, boyish face haunted her, however. She looked anywhere but at the big man before her. He seemed unable to attract her eye.

"What's the use, Leone——"

"No use at all, sir," retorted she. "You are a beast. I hate you!"

Her white teeth gleamed. Her face was paling with passion. He felt warned, yet he was in deadly earnest, and would not recede.

"You are mine from henceforth," he said.

"You are a coward," she aspirated huskily. "I thought you a gentleman, Sinley Towers; now I know you are only a cowardly brute. Let me go."

"Not in your present mood, Leone."

"It will not change while you are present."

He still clung to her arms.

"Look at me, Leone."

"I won't," fiercely.

"Look the other way then if you want to, but I shall talk all the same. I have known you for more than a year, and you have encouraged me to love you. Don't say a word in denial for it is true——"

"It is not true——"

"Wait. I am not through yet. There would have been no trouble had not that man killed his wife at Huntoon."

Leone recoiled. What did he mean? Had he discovered the feeling that the murderer's face had called to her heart?

"Down yonder, near the spring that day, when last I met you, the assassin of a pretty wife lay hidden."

"I—I know——"

"Yes, you know all right enough, Leone Gannon."

He caught up her words in a way that frightened her.

"I came within an ace of capturing the fellow. What fatuous circumstance induced you to befriend such a fiend, Leone? A thousand dollars awaited your hand, and——"

"And do you imagine I could touch this blood money?" broke in the girl, recoiling from him in horror. The pale, handsome face of the poor fugitive, wounded and bleeding, haunted her still.

"That is as one views it," said he coldly. "The law does not take sentimental views of things. A person who aids a murderer in any way, after the fact, is adjudged his accomplice, and is considered equally guilty of the crime. Do you understand that, my child? Am I not magnanimous to engage myself to a girl who has assisted a murderer to escape the gallows?"

His black eyes were boring holes into her very soul. She shrank and shriveled under them. The law viewed her as an accomplice of murder. How horrible!

"As an officer of the law it is my duty to arrest you for aiding the wife murderer, Albert Drawley, to escape."

Sinley Towers produced a pair of glittering handcuffs. The clatter of the steel bracelets sounded to the girl like rattling gravel on a coffin lid.

She sank away from his touch. Tears gushed to her eyes, and the next instant she sank helplessly at his feet.

CHAPTER V.

MAN AND MAID.

Sinley Towers regarded the girl at his feet with an ejaculation of pity and dismay. His handcuffs dropped immediately from sight.

"In Heaven's name don't kneel to me!" cried the astonished officer.

The girl clung to his knees. Her chin dropped to her rounded arms, and she fell to weeping like a stricken child.

The sunrays touched her bared head. A golden halo sat there like a crown. The heart of the big man was touched. He lifted her silently to a standing posture. She avoided his gaze. It was well; he had needlessly frightened her. He was worse than a brute. His ring glittered where he had placed it and seemed to upbraid him.

"Leone, look at me," he commanded, yet in a gentle tone.

"I am looking, sir."

And she was. Her face was white as marble, drawn with a sudden deep contrition. He pitied himself, while he hated the act that had so changed the girl. She was calm as ice, however. A single tear glittered as it fell.

She drew away from him suddenly and held up her bare hands.

"Put them on," she said, "I deserve it."

"Leone——"

"Put on the handcuffs and take me to jail," she said in a husky whisper.

He recoiled at the pitiful misery of her look.

"For Heaven's sake, forgive me, Leone!" he cried, penitent. "I did but frighten you." He caught her hand and bore it to his lips. She struggled and looked aside. "Will you forgive——"

"There's nothing to forgive," broke in the girl. "You are an officer, and it is your duty to take me to prison; why do you hesitate?"

She was looking at him now, not in mischief, but with a solemn earnestness that startled him.

"I did not mean it, Leone," he gurgled. "I——"

"And you were playing with my feelings?"

"If you put it that way——"

Her face was suddenly suffused with color. She retreated a step and jerked her hand free. She cut him short with a look. It was not wholly scorn that shot from her eyes and curled lip, but more of contempt. He felt it, and shrank as a frightened tiger might from a mouse.

"I hate you," she said.

"Leone!" he protested.

"You have amused yourself at my expense. Is that manly?"

"I confess that it is not. But——"

"I will hear no explanation."

She turned and walked from him. He did not move, but watched her half-bent form with strange emotions within his heart. The moods of this Highup beauty had often puzzled him. She was a riddle he had longed to yet dared not solve. At length he straightened up and called:

"Come back, Miss Gannon, you have forgotten your water."

The girl moved straight on, however.

He followed swiftly. All contrition now, the big man of Highup was anxious to make his peace with the girl he loved. He had no thought of losing her. Of course the man who was a fugitive from the law he had outraged could in no way be a rival. He overtook the girl who, hearing his step, faced him once more.

"What do you want now?" she demanded so bluntly as to cut like a knife.

"I—I want you, Leone," he gasped, recoiling before the fierce glow of her dark gray orbs.

"Well, take me then."

She leaned toward him. His heart quickened. Her face was radiantly beautiful as a half-smile parted her lips.

The change was wonderful. He almost gasped in his astonishment.

"Do you really mean it, Leone?" he cried.

"Of course. I am a criminal; I acknowledge it. How you found it out is more than I know, but what you said of me is all true. I aided a murderer to escape; I fed and cheered him, and—and——"

"In Heaven's name, Leone——"

"I am guilty, I tell you," she broke in almost hysterically. "Put on the handcuffs and take me to Huntoon jail. You are an officer of the law. If you refuse——"

"I do refuse, Leone——"

"Then you are a coward and a traitor to your position as an officer sworn to serve the people. You have accused me of aiding the murderer; I have confessed my guilt, yet you hesitate. You want that thousand dollars so bad; arrest Albert Drawley's accomplice and win half of it!"

Her words were hurled at him rapidly, almost taking his breath. He did not remonstrate; there was no time. He stood rebuked and silent. She broke in once more.

"You refuse to do your duty, Sinley Towers?"

"Leone, you know that this is all nonsense. I tell you I meant only to frighten you; a mean trick I admit, yet——"

"Yet it is in keeping with your nature," she interrupted. Her white teeth pressed her lip till the blood started.

"Leone, will you listen to me?"

"I will not. If you refuse to do your duty I shall do mine."

"Yes?"

"I shall go to Huntoon and deliver myself up to Sheriff Graves."

"Leone!"

He advanced and caught her hands.

"Struggle if you will, but you cannot escape," he said, half angrily. "You are assuming a ridiculous attitude just now. I shall not allow you to make a show of yourself in public. Nobody knows but I that you did this thing, and in doing it I am convinced that you did not know that Albert Drawley was a murderer. Calm yourself; go quietly home, and say no more about this unfortunate affair. You will do it, Leone, will you not?"

His grave, yet gentle tones, subdued the fire in the girl's heart. She almost hated herself for the weakness that caused her to lean like a broken reed and weep upon his shoulder.

He held her close while great sobs shook her frame. He felt that this outburst would soften her. He made no effort to calm her emotion. Several minutes were thus occupied. She moved at length.

He released the girl and she drew away from him.

"Good-bye, Leone, till next time."

He held out his hand, but she did not take it. A bit of the old anger dinted her soul. Contrition, however, had softened her heart, and a glow of better feeling stole through her late tingling nerves.

"Good-bye, Mr. Towers."

With the words uttered tremblingly, Leone went swiftly across the strip of woods toward home. He made no attempt to detain her.

"She will soon get over this," he said. "Of all ridiculous creatures the female human is the limit."

With a dry laugh, Sinley Towers followed slowly after. Presently he paused, turned about and retraced his steps. The brimming pail stood there under the tree as she had left it. He picked it from the ground and followed the homeward path.

Mrs. Gannon greeted the sheriff's helper as he approached the house.

"I have brought the water," he said gravely. "What shall I do with it?"

"Set it right down anywhere, Mr. Towers," returned the woman. "Did you meet Leone?"

"Yes, I met her. I suppose she is in the house——"

"I haven't seen her since she ran off with that pail. I guess she's off pouting somewhere because of what I said to her a while ago."

"Yes?" with a half question.

"I have forbidden Leone going going over to Hinsbrow's Camp, and she doesn't like it a little bit."

The speaker laughed a high falsetto.

"Then you do not approve——"

"Certainly not. Would you in my place?"

"I know some very nice people at the Camp," returned he thoughtfully. "Miss Alice Canthow is a really fine girl, and your daughter's friend."

"Oh, yes, that girl is all right, I suppose; but that new man at the boarding house is a male flirt, and I hate that sort," said Mrs. Gannon with a toss of her head.

"I am not acquainted with the gentleman——"

"Likely not. He is a new addition to the place; a cook I think, although he dubs himself a chef or something like that. All the girls, and some of the old women, are wild over his natty figure and handsome face. Even Leone has caught the fever."

"She has met him then?"

"Oh, yes, she saw him the day he came. She has acted like she was possessed ever since. It's queer why girls don't use common sense in love affairs."

Big Sinley Towers sat himself on the upper step and regarded the woods. A half smile touched his lips. He was in no way disconcerted at the woman's news. He had heard of the new arrival at Hinsbrow's Camp and made light of it.

"I shall drop down on the Camp and see the man," said the sheriff musingly.

"Who is he?"

"It may be the new cook," and Towers laughed.

"You need have no fears," said she. "I shall not let Leone see the fellow again. She's got to stay at home and behave herself or I'll know the reason why. What, going already, Mr. Towers?"

"I really must go," said he, lifting his hat and turning away.

He turned his steps down the road toward Hinsbrow's Camp. A pair of red-lidded gray eyes watched his departure from an upper window. Leone, crouching next the window of her room, saw the stalwart young officer depart, with a strange goneness of heart.

"I have offended him beyond measure," she murmured. "He must despise me. Well, how can I blame him? I have acted the ninny right along. I wish I had never seen that wicked Albert Drawley, or—or Casper Lupine, who so much resembles him." She held up her slim hand and regarded the ring, Towers' ring, with a sigh of heartfelt misgiving.

CHAPTER VI.

LOVED AND LOST.

The whirligig of time makes all things even.

A year is as a moment in the grand plan of time and eternity.

Standing on an elevation overlooking a winding river were two persons, a man and woman, the latter a girl of good proportions, with a frank, laughing face and eyes of heaven's own blue. It is in the good old summertime and the girl is clad in fleecy white, with a knot of blue ribbon at her full white throat.

The man. What shall we say of him? The reader has met him once upon a time when his now handsome face and sparkling eyes were quivering with alarm. He stood with one hand idly resting on his companion's shoulder, a slender, youthful looking boy, with curling black hair and a smooth, girl-like face.

"You have seen enough of me to trust me fully, Alice," said he, a delicious drawl in his voice.

"I do trust you, Alfred," she returned, watching his face with love-lit eyes. He hesitated a moment, then went on:

"The time has come when there shall be no secrets between us," he said. "I will lay bare my past, and you——"

"I, oh, I have no past worth recording," broke in the girl with a merry laugh. "It can be told in a jiffy. I am the child of poor but honest parents. I have earned my own living by catering to the stomachs of hungry men of the pine woods, a veritable daughter of toil."

And yet she did not look it. The poise of her brown head was exquisite, the smile of her full red lips as tempting as those of a millionaire's heiress. The man at her side had been attracted from the first moment he met this maid by chance. Since then many meetings had been arranged. All of these had been in secret, however. He had frankly said that he did not care to face the world in proper person. Sometimes he had come in disguise to keep tryst with bonny Alice Canthow, the beauty of Hinsbrow's Camp.

She was content to be thus wooed, thus won. Most girls are like this one. Love is inexplicable. It goes where it listeth and asks no questions. No awkward situations arise because love is blind. Alice loved her handsome Adonis and was content. The everlasting jaw of her stepfather would not always trouble her life. She had promised this man, after six months' courtship, to become his wife.

And now he promised to speak of disagreeable things. Alice shrugged her plump shoulders and almost wished he had said nothing of the past.

"All men have pasts, and some women," said he laughing. Then a quick shadow flitted across his face. She noticed this, but did not guess its cause.

Alice was of different mould than her friend, airy, fairy Leone. The two were very much in contrast, hence the deep friendship that abided between the two.

"You will listen, Alice?"

He caressed her hand with a gentle touch and sighed.

"Yes," she said, "I will listen."

"It is of a tragedy I will speak, one that shocked the whole Western country. You must remember it——"

"Not the Huntoon murder?"

Her hand was drawn away, and she recoiled as if stung.

"That is what I would talk about, Alice."

He measured his words. His face was very white, yet calm and judicial.

"Mercy! I hope——"

Half gasping, she shrank and leaned against a tree. His eyes were on her, and a queer glint shot from them. He seemed unmoved, however, saying coolly:

"You hope that I had no connection with that tragedy, you were about to say. Well, if it troubles you so, perhaps I had best not continue." He stood aloof, stroking his weak chin with a slender hand.

"Oh, yes, you must speak on," she cried eagerly. "You have excited my interest, and I would know all you have to tell. I will sit here and listen."

The girl stepped to a moss-grown stone and sank gracefully upon it.

"If I did not fully trust your love I should not speak," said he. "The subject is a painful one, yet I shall never again take a wife under false pretenses. You understand, I trust——"

"I understand nothing," she cried, as he stumbled a little in his speech. "If you have any horrible revelation to make, get it out as soon as possible and let me go home."

"It is of the horrible order, Alice," said he, "that is why I have held my peace and idly dreamed away the months of time since I have known you."

"Are you never coming to the point?"

"I am, indeed. Officers of the law have been hunting far and near for the Huntoon assassin, never once suspecting that he lurked in the neighborhood of his crime; or rather that the man believed to be guilty has haunted the vicinity for a year. Alfred Drawley did not murder his wife."

"No?" with a little gasp.

"He did not, although one person claimed to have caught him in the act. I see this is painful to you——"

"Go on, go on," she aspirated hoarsely.

"Alfred Drawley's wife was a frivolous woman, yet she did not merit her terrible fate. I would give a decade of life to have her alive and well this minute."

"You—you——"

"Yes, for I am Alfred Drawley!"

"You had a wife; you murdered her in cold blood; you come here pretending to love me; you call yourself a gentleman; instead you are a murderer! God have mercy!"

She staggered to her feet. He stepped forward. She thrust aside the hand he extended, her face as ashes. Her eyes held a new, awful light. She did not waver or tremble, however. The light of love would never burn in that fair bosom as once it had. Fire and ashes for a heart so young! It was pitiful, pitiful.

"Don't touch me!" she wailed.

"But, Alice, listen to me."

"Listen to you?"

"Yes, Alice, hearken to me——"

"And have I not done so for many months? Do you think I will even look at your face after today? Oh——"

He had caught and imprisoned her helpless hanging hands, and held them tightly. He compelled her to look at him.

"Alice, dear child, you shall listen," he said in a way that commanded attention. "While Elpin Conway was my wife, her insane jealousy blasted all the love I had for her. She was cruelly murdered, but by another hand than mine. I never harmed her, never. Won't you believe me, Alice? I shall not care to live if you do not. Pity me, and listen to all I would say."

His pleading voice touched a weak spot. Alice Canthow receded to the stone and sat down. She never looked at him while he talked, however. Her fair young face seemed to grow a dozen years older. She leaned wearily against the tree at her side and waited for him to explain.

"My wife has been dead a year, Alice. I have mourned her taking off long enough to satisfy conventionalities, that is why I spoke today as I did. She was foully murdered. Who did the deed I am not prepared to say. I was away from the house till a late hour. When I entered our room in cottage home we occupied at Huntoon I found Elpin dead, with a knife-wound in her heart. She gasped and died in my arms.

"I had drawn the knife from her still heaving bosom when a person looked in upon the scene and called me murderer. This is Heaven's truth, Alice, and I want you to believe me."

"If you were innocent, why did you flee?"

"To save myself from being torn to pieces by an angry mob, Alice. As it was, I got a blow across the temple which came near finishing me. I shall wish it had if you go back on me now."

He attempted to touch her hand, but she again repulsed him. She was white and rigid as ice. The awful confession of her lover had shocked her to the heart. She

AFTER

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did not faint or lose command of her senses for an instant, however.

"But the mob spirit has been long dead," said the girl. "Why have you not given yourself up and demanded a trial?"

"Simply because life is sweet, Alice, and I could not go to prison and have an enemy swear my life away."

"An enemy?"

"Yes, Alice, a most bitter enemy, one who has hounded the mob and the officers to do their worst. I love you, and we may yet be happy——"

"Not while this awful thing rests over your head. You have deceived me all along. You led me to think you Alfred Draw, when in reality you were Albert Drawley, the suspected wife murderer. No, there can be nothing further between us. I will go to the river and die!"

The girl rose slowly to her feet. A weary smile touched and twitched her lips. The light of happy maidenhood had gone from her blue eyes forever. He seemed to realize the truth at last.

"Then it's all up," he said sadly. "I am sorry. Do nothing rashly, my dear child. I meant it all for the best. I am sorry now that Leone Gannon, when she found me wounded and helpless near her father's house, did not betray me into the hands of the law. I have been unwise, Alice, but for the love awakened in my heart from the moment I saw you I should long ere this have given myself up."

"It is not too late now."

"No, it is not too late now."

He bent very close and took her hand. She did not repulse this last effort at friendliness. Her senses were benumbed. He carried her hand to his lips. The next instant he stood back and smiled into her white face.

"You have been good to me, Alice, girl," said he. "I appreciate all you have done for me in the past. It was asking too much to expect you to believe that I am innocent of this awful murder. You are right in saying that I should throw myself on the mercy of the law."

He turned and walked away. Alice's head dropped low into the circle of her arms, while a deep sob escaped her lips, the first evidence of grief since her lover's revelation.

A rattle of wheels broke the dead quiet. The girl looked up to see a vehicle approaching. On the seat were two men—Sinley Towers and Lupine, the boarding house chef.

They had halted and were facing her late companion. He stood almost at the side of the buggy, with folded arms and defiant face.

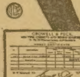
"There is your man."

Lupine pointed at young Drawley. Alice staggered to her feet. Her heart throbbed painfully. What would he do, her boyish lover, who had courageously exposed his sin to the girl he loved, and lost her because he would not win by a lie?

"Not today, Sinley Towers!" exclaimed Drawley.

The next instant he turned and fled. Instantly a pistol gleamed in the hand, not of the officer, but of his companion. With its sharp bark the fleeing man plunged headlong to the ground.

Next week's Ledger will contain another installment of this highly interesting story. Some very dramatic and thrilling things happen before the narrative is concluded. We advise you to read it to the end. Do you take the Ledger regularly? You ought to do so, as it is acknowledged to be one of the most entertaining papers printed in America. For a year's subscription we send fifty-two copies of the Ledger and six fine patterns free, or one of our splendid stereoscopes. Note our premium advertisements on pages thirteen and fifteen.



I TOLD YOU SO!
'Cobalt Mutual' Advanced 40% in Price on February 20th.

Another Chance To Make 40% On Your Money!

ONE month ago I invited you to join me in making a fortune on "Cobalt Mutual" stock,

I told you that the price would advance 40 per cent on February 20th.

My prediction CAME TRUE.

Subscriptions for this stock were received from all over the country, from business men, bankers, lawyers, professional men, EVERYONE. The public recognized the fact that the Cobalt Mutual Mines Company was DIFFERENT from any mining proposition ever put before it. It recognized the stability of the men behind the enterprise. It recognized the fact that "Cobalt Mutual" was being handled along business lines—that the men interested in the enterprise had gone into it with the same determination to make a big success for the stockholders that they would have in going into any manufacturing or other enterprise.

COBALT

The Block of Stock Offered at 25c Was Greatly Over-Subscribed

—and NOW comes another opportunity to buy "Cobalt Mutual" at 35c—and get the advantage of another 40% advance in price—for on April 25th "Cobalt Mutual" will go up again. If you lost the chance of buying at 25c—you should not NOW lose the chance to buy at 35c. "Cobalt Mutual" will go to 50c a share at least on or before April 25th, 1907.

Don't forget that I predicted that this stock would advance 40% on February 20. IT DID.

Don't forget that I predict that it will advance 40% again—that it will go to 50c a share on April 25th. IT WILL!

Work Being Pushed—Machinery Being Installed

Crews of miners and engineers are now at work night and day, double shifts, opening up the ground—and work will be pushed even more vigorously after the opening up of Spring.

We are going to have a great big proposition in COBALT—we're not going to stop at little achievements. We have the mineral land to develop—that's our stock-in-trade—a big acreage of rich mineral ground in the heart of the COBALT district. The Cobalt Mutual Mines Company is not basing its future prosperity on a 20-acre tract of land—it has

560 Acres

—enough land to keep us mining on a big scale for a generation.

When the President of our Company, Mr. W. V. Coons, returned from a long visit of inspection of Cobalt, he had this to say: I saw

Nuggets of Silver

eighty to ninety per cent pure, weighing 300 to 400 pounds. I saw many carloads of ore running from $30,000.00 to $60,000.00 and one car of picked ore that actually sold for $90,000.00. The whole region seems to be one vast rock covered with a thin skin of earth, filled with mineral deposits. In places the rock crops out of the top, and shows the silver veins of almost pure silver so rich that you can see the metal shine as though the rock were plated with it. I examined the entire region, saw the miners at work,—talked with conservative men whose experience, ability and recognized standing placed them in a position to give me unbiased advice—and then I made up my mind that Cobalt offered the greatest chance in the history of mining for a great big, well-conducted, business methods mines company to make a vast amount of money.

Our stockholders—directors—and officers are all enthusiastic about the prospects of "Cobalt Mutual." Old stockholders are subscribing for more of the stock—taking every share that they can carry.

Now why don't you look us up—why not find out the responsibility of the men behind this enterprise? You can ask any bank anywhere—of the standing of W. V. Coons & Co., Cleveland—or look us up in any of the commercial agency books. Then decide. We invite the most careful investigation.

As soon as the weather permits we are going to invite our stockholders to take a trip to COBALT—and see for themselves, just the same as the President and some of our stockholders have seen, the great holdings of the Cobalt Mutual Mines Company.

Will you go as a stockholder at 25 cents a share—or will you wait until it's too late to take advantage of this next raise in price and pay 50 cents a share for "Cobalt Mutual?" You'll surely buy if you go to COBALT and see our proposition.

Installment—Payment—Plan

To accommodate numerous investors who have requested it, we have decided to accept monthly payments on "Cobalt Mutual" stock as follows:

25% of the total subscription with order—the balance in four equal monthly payments drawing 6% interest.

W. V. Coons
PRESIDENT
W. V. COONS & CO.
Bankers
Head Dept. T
Williamson Bldg.
Cleveland, O.

Cobalt is Truly the Field of Fortune

You are going to be interested in COBALT some time. There's going to be a rush into that mining district the like of which the country has never before experienced. Will you join in the enterprise NOW—or wait until the price is much higher and thereby lose the increase in the price of stock?

Directors and Officers

The officials of the company are all well and favorably known, and are men of substance, character and standing in the community. An investigation will reveal to any investor the fact that the directors and officers are eminently reliable and can be depended upon to conduct the affairs of the company fairly and honestly.

Write us TODAY for Special Report and Government Map in colors of the Cobalt District—and free stickpin of Cobalt Ore. For a limited time we will send to everyone who writes, giving their business or occupation, a sample of Cobalt Silver Ore, mounted in an attractive stickpin. One will be sent YOU if you write at once before the supply is exhausted.

REFERENCES: Any Bank Anywhere, or Dun's or Bradstreet's.

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Cobalt Ores of Great Value

Here is the actual values of ores taken from a few of the Cobalt mines:
LaRose mine ores run $60,000 to the carload.
Jacobs mine ores run $60,000 to the carload.
Foster mine ores run $54,000 to the carload.
Nipissing mine ores run $1,000 to the carload.
University mine ores run $45,000 to the carload.
Trethewey mine ores run $45,000 to the carload.
Silver Queen mine ores run $42,000 to the carload.
Drummond mine ores run $26,000 to the carload.
Nova Scotia mine ores run $27,000 to the carload.

There is every reason to believe that our five tracts covering 560 acres will be as productive as any others in the entire Cobalt mining district.

Franklin's Homely Deeds.

You often hear loud praise of Franklin's statecraft; how he cleared the political horizon of the new country and gave it a steady footing among the older nations.

I beg you now to look at his work for his own town and for his neighbors. He was not loud nor anarchistic as the young radical reformer is apt to be just now. He went about, sane, quiet, tactful, merely "setting things to rights"—big things and little. If he thought the people of this village—the people of this country—the people of the world, to whom the gates of the continent were now open—were to find peace and a full life here, big things and little must be set to rights at once. There was a homely everyday quality in the man that matched everyday needs. He had been, for some time, for example, secretly grappling with the lightning. He braced himself, conquered it, yoked it, and then, without a word of triumph, quietly explained to his neighbors how to put pointed rods on their roofs to save their houses from burning down. That was all. He never asked for gratitude or applause. One old historian tells us that "Benj. Franklin has put a chime of little bells on the walls of his house so that they catch the lightning and ring during a storm." So he had sometimes during the night from the heavens above him an echo of the applause which his neighbors begrudged!

Every day he was busy going about putting germs of comfort and strength into the new community. One day he goes into a poor woman's house, half of which is ice-cold because she is able to keep up but one fire. He promptly invents a stove which has a front on two sides and shows double glowing faces to cold rooms above one burning heart—the familiar "Franklin stove." It is used all over the continent today.

Or, he strolls along Dock street wharf one morning and stumbles over a heap of filthy remnants of baskets in which roots had been brought from Amsterdam. No eye but Franklin's would have seen the single green sprout on one of the wythes.

But he sees it, carefully cuts it away and carrying it to his neighbor, Mrs. Norris, asks leave to plant it in her garden, where the good lady herself tends and watches it. From that bit of live stalk have grown all the basket willows in this country, and an enormous industry.

Another day, it is an old broom which shows him a hint of life—a single green seed among its dusty straws. He plants the seed, after a year or two succeeds in growing a crop of corn and the old chronicler Watson boasted, even in his day, that "there are twelve millions of brooms now made in this country from that one seed!" How many hundred millions in our day?

The other apprentices and clerks who were this young printer's comrades were hungry for education, but had only two or three books apiece. "Let us," he proposed, "put them all together on the mantel shelf in Rob Grace's room in Pewter Platter alley, and use them in common." A month or two later, the idea having grown in his busy brain, he called on thirty-eight prominent men of the town to subscribe forty shillings each for the purchase of books for this collection.

This was the first circulating library in the world, and the origin of all the others.

* * *

Housewifely Instinct.

A Massachusetts man tells a story illustrating the ruling spirit of a Yankee housewife.

Late one night her husband was awakened by mysterious sounds on the lower floor of their house. Jumping out of bed, the husband took his revolver from a drawer and crept noiselessly to the head of the stairs. Presently the wife herself was awakened by a loud report, followed by a mad scurrying of feet. Much agitated, she, in turn, sprang from bed and went to the door, where she met her husband returning from the scene of the disturbance and wearing a very disappointed expression.

"Richard," she stammered, "was it—was it——"

"Yes, it was a burglar."

"Did he—did he——"

"Yes, he got away."

"O, I don't care about that," was the wife's rejoinder. "What I want to know is, did he wipe his feet before he started upstairs?"

Told in the Postscript.

"Dear Hubby—I write this in a great hurry, so that you may get it in time to start for home by the fast train. Isn't it dreadful?

"The nasty fire company have ruined all my newest gowns which were not burned, and, to make matters worse, I am living with the Rushtons, who, as you know, have the worst children on earth. They worry the life out of me—as if it were not enough to suffer the loss of my lovely gowns? Isn't it dreadful? I suppose we'll have to live in a hotel for a while, but do come at once. Your distracted wife, Edna.

"P S—I forgot to mention that our house is burnt down, but I suppose you have guessed it from reading my letter.—E."—London Tit-Bits.

* * *

Snowy Belt.

"Now, Tommy," said the teacher during the lesson in geography, "tell us how Alaska is bounded."

"Please, ma'am," replied Tommy, after a moment's thought, "I think it is snowbound."

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LIEUTENANT FAIRFAX'S TREACHERY.

By EMMA HOWARD WIGHT.

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CHAPTER XVII.

The arrest of Lieutenant Fairfax upon the charge of high treason created a profound sensation, while indignation and utter incredulity prevailed almost without exception among the troops. Royal Fairfax was not alone honored and admired for his bravery and valor upon the battlefield, but his unfailing courtesy to and gentle consideration for the humblest soldier in Early's army had made him universally beloved. Lieutenant Boyer, on the contrary, though a brave enough soldier, was not popular and his conduct in denouncing his friend was severely criticised and censured.

The court-martial was held in the afternoon of the day following the battle in one of the long, low-celled rooms of the farmhouse.

The prisoner was perhaps the calmest and most composed of any one present. He was very pale, but his face was quite calm. Cephas huddled on the floor at his feet, shivering with agony.

The officers, appointed to conduct the court-martial, showed unmistakable signs of disturbance. Lieutenant Boyer was white to the lips and his agony of mind was most palpable. General Early was evidently very much disturbed.

Lieutenant Boyer was the only witness. While giving his evidence it was evident that it required all his will power to control his agitation. He was closely questioned by Colonel Monroe, the head officer in charge of the court-martial. An attempt was then made to have Cephas testify, but this proved utterly futile. To all the attempts at questioning him Cephas replied:

"'Tain't one bit ob use fo' you all to ax me any questions. You kin kill me fo' it, but I gwine to say dat all I'se got to say is dis, my young massa nebber done dat mean, sneakin' trick. Ef an angel come down frum Hebben and say he done it, I wouldn't beliebe dat angel."

It was General Early who finally put a stop to the attempt to make the darky testify, and Cephas went back to his place on the floor at Royal's feet.

Colonel Monroe then turned and addressed the prisoner.

"Lieutenant Fairfax," he said, "you have heard the testimony against you, what have you to say in your defense?"

Lieutenant Fairfax arose to his feet and replied quietly:

"Nothing, Colonel."

"Royal Fairfax, you come of a brave, noble and chivalrous race," said Colonel Monroe, his voice broken by emotion. "The blood that makes traitors does not run in your veins. When you joined the Confederate army at the commencement of the war you were but a boy in years, and you have shown undaunted courage and great valor throughout this entire struggle. Your father, one of my dearest friends, is the noblest, bravest and best of men. I was fighting by his side when that shot destroyed his eyesight. Mine was the arm which supported him from the battlefield and, when I was about to leave him, he said to me, 'You go back to fight for the dear South. I shall never lift my arm again in her defense, but, thank God, I have a brave son to die, if need be, in her cause.'"

Colonel Monroe's voice faltered and he paused. For the first time a quiver of emotion passed over Royal Fairfax's face.

"Think of your father, young man," Colonel Monroe continued, passionately. "That father whose sad life must be passed in darkness. Think of the anguish, the shame, the despair that must overwhelm him if his only son dies the dishonored death of a traitor, and if there be one word you can speak in your defense, I implore you to speak that word. Royal Fairfax, again I ask you, have you anything to urge in your defense, any plea to bring forward why sentence of death for high treason should not be pronounced upon you?"

"I have nothing to urge in my defense, no plea to make why the sentence of death should not be pronounced upon me," was the quiet answer.

"Then there remains but one thing for me to do," said Colonel Monroe, with infinite sadness, "and it is the most painful duty I was ever called upon to perform. Royal Fairfax, you are found guilty of high treason, and I therefore condemn you to be shot at dawn tomorrow morning, and may God have mercy on your soul!"

Cephas, whose eyes, wide with horror, had been fixed upon Colonel Monroe as he delivered the sentence of death, sprang to his feet with a cry of agony, crossed the room and fell on his knees at General Early's feet.

"Marse Gin'al! Marse Gin'al! for de good Lawd's sake! don't you let dem kill my young massa!" he cried, his clasped hands uplifted in passionate supplication, while the tears fell over his dusky cheeks. "He nebber done dat mean, onnary trick! My young massa, he nebber no coward nor sneak! Spar' him, Marse Gin'al, fo' he nebber done nuffin fo' to be took out and shot lak a dog! Spar' him and I ain't nebber gwine to stop prayin' to de good Lawd to bress ye!"

It was a moment or so before General Early could command himself sufficiently to make any reply.

"There! don't say any more, my good fellow," he said, at length, "for it is useless. I am sorry for your grief, but I cannot help you. Get up; we must not have any scenes here."

Cephas arose slowly to his feet. Then he turned and fixed his eyes, with a world of reproach in them, upon Lieutenant Boyer.

"So dis am de thanks my young massa gits, Marse Marshall," he said, "fo' lubin' you all dese yeahs same as though you war his own flesh and blood. May de good Lawd in His mussy fo'guv' you fo' what you have done dis day!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

Twilight. A crimson glow lingered in the west, while in the east a single bright star glittered. Cephas, who had been lying face downward on the ground before the door of the guard-house where Royal was confined, rose slowly to his feet and gazed dazedly about him. A quiver of anguish passed over his face as he looked up at the darkening sky.

"De day am almos' gone," he murmured, "and wid de fust streak ob light of anoder day, dey gwine to kill my young massa! Oh, ef I could only die fo' him. I'd die a thousand deafs fo' to sabe him, but I kyant do nuffin'!"

Suddenly he drew a quick breath and his face lighted.

"My young massa nebber went to Gin'al Sher'dan," he murmured, excitedly, "but thar war somebody as did. I'se gwine to Gin'al Sher'dan and ax him who it war. I'll tell him dat dey gwine to shoot my young massa 'ca'se dey beliebe he am a traitor. I kin ride to Strasburg and git back befo' daylight."

General Early had given orders that Cephas was to be permitted to see Royal at about nine o'clock and remain with him for an hour, but when that time came Cephas could not be found.

Daphne was alone in the kitchen at Fairfax Manor, between eight and nine o'clock, when the door opened suddenly and Cephas entered.

"Why, Cephas!" she exclaimed. Then, as she caught sight of his face, "What's de matter wid you, Cephas? You—you sholy do look quar."

"Daphne, 'ceptin' I kin sabe him, dey'se gwine to shoot my young massa tomorror at daybreak," Cephas replied.

"De good Lawd help and sabe us!" cried Daphne, sinking down upon a chair. "What dey gwine to do dat fo', Cephas?"

"Marse Marshall, he done 'cuse Marse Royal ob ridin' to Strasburg de night befo' de battle and ob tellin' Gin'al Sher'dan 'bout dat thar ravine through which he done 'tack us. So dey say dat Marse Royal am a traitor and dey gwine to shoot him in de mo'nin'."

Daphne started to her feet in uncontrollable excitement.

"It warn't Massa Royal," she cried. "It war Miss May!"

"Miss May?" repeated Cephas, bewilderedly. "What you mean by dat, Daphne?"

"Miss May, she done ride to Strasburg dat night, fo' I seen her when she went. Sho' as you'se libin' 'twar' Miss May what done dat dey 'cuse Marse Royal ob. Miss May she am frum de Norf, and, ob co'se, she want de Yankees to beat. She done find out all 'bout dat thar ravine, and she done sneak off dat night and tell Gin'al Sher'dan all 'bout it. I war gwine down to Uncle Jonah's cabin when I seed Miss May foolin' 'bout de stables, so I jes' stop and watch her unbeknownst. She put de saddle and bridle on Massa Royal's hoss and she led him out quiet down de medder-paf to de pike. I been wonderin' eber sence what she war up to and now I knows."

"What I gwine to do?" murmured Cephas, desperately. "I jes' gotter sabe my young massa."

"Ob co'se you'se gotter sabe Marse Royal," declared Daphne, emphatically. "Now, Cephas, you jes' listen to me. I'se gwine to fetch Miss May. Den you tell her 'bout Marse Royal. Den I'se gwine to 'cuse her and she'll hab to 'fess."

Daphne did not wait for Cephas to make any reply, but hurried out of the room.

In a very short time she returned with May.

"Why, Cephas, is it you who wish to see me?" the latter exclaimed, at the sight of Cephas. "What is it?" she went on quickly as she came nearer and saw Cephas' face more plainly. "Is there anything wrong with Royal?"

"Ya'as, Miss May, thar am somp'n' bery wrong wid my young massa," Cephas replied. "Dey'se gwine to shoot him in de mo'nin' at daybreak."

"What do you mean?" cried May, her face paling. "Has he been taken prisoner by the Federals?"

"No, missy, my young massa am gwine to be shot by dem what he hab fit side by side wid all dese yeahs. And de one dat served him wusser dan all am Marse Marshall. He 'lows dat Marse Royal rid to Strasburg de night befo' de battle and tole Gin'al Sher'dan' bout dat thar ravine. And dey beliebe Marse Marshall and say dat my young massa gotter be shot."

"And I jes' done tole Cephas, Miss May, dat it war you as rid to Strasburg dat night and tole Gin'al Sher'dan 'bout de ravine," said Daphne.

"How dare you say such a thing as that?" cried May, turning furiously upon her.

"I done seed you, young missy, when you went 'way wid Marse Royal's hoss," declared Daphne, with a mixture of triumph and vindictiveness.

"And Marse Marshall 'lowed dat Marse Royal rid dat hoss to Strasburg dat night," said Cephas.

"But didn't Royal deny it?" asked May. "Didn't he declare that he was innocent?"

"My young massa didn't deny nuffin'," answered Cephas, sadly. "Dey couldn't git him fo' to say one word."

May drew a quick breath like a sob. In a moment she understood. Royal Fairfax believed it was she who had carried that information to General Sheridan and he had shielded her at the cost of his honor and his life. She knew that she must in some way save him. She would go to General Early and tell him that it was she who rode to Strasburg the night before the battle. Then a sudden inspiration came to her. She turned quickly to Cephas.

"It is true that I rode to Strasburg that night," she said, "but not for the purpose that Daphne and you imagine. Of that I will speak later. Now we must act. I believe that it was Nathan who carried that information to General Sheridan."

"Nathan!" repeated Cephas, bewilderedly, while Daphne muttered half to herself, "Humph! dat seem mighty quar!"

For a moment or so May stood silent, thinking rapidly.

"You, Cephas, go and saddle Snow and Shenandoah," she said, at length, having evidently come to a decision. "Put a side-saddle on Snow. I am going to put on my habit and will then tell you what to do." She turned to Daphne who was listening half sulky, half curious. "Come and assist me, Daphne, but not a word to any one."

They passed quietly up to May's room. The latter did not speak until she had changed her house dress for a riding habit. Then she turned to Daphne and said:

"I do not know how long I shall be away, but you must keep my absence a secret from Colonel Fairfax and Virginia. If it is possible to keep it from them they must know nothing of this until my return. You understand?"

"Ya'as, missy, I understand," replied Daphne.

May then left the room and passed quietly and swiftly out of the house. She went around to the stable where she found Cephas with the two horses.

"Have you a pistol, Cephas?" she asked.

"Ya'as, missy, two ob 'em," replied Cephas.

"Give me one."

Cephas handed her the pistol which she tucked in her belt.

"Leave the horses here, Cephas," she said. "And bring me the lantern and follow me."

She turned and led the way in the direction of the blacksmith shop, Cephas following. The place looked gloomy and sombre in the gloom of the night and the wind sighed moaningly through the pines. May went into the shop and Cephas followed closely.

"Go up into the loft and bring Nathan down, Cephas," she said. "If he resists threaten to shoot him. Remember that your young master's life is at stake."

"I'se gwine to bring him, don't you worry 'bout dat, young missy," replied Cephas, grimly.

He put down his lantern, mounted the steps, lifted the trap door and disappeared. In a few moments he reappeared, followed by Nathan. May stood silent until both had reached the ground, then she said:

"Go stand there at the door, Cephas, and if Nathan tries to get out shoot him." As Cephas went toward the door she turned to Nathan and added, "Nathan, that afternoon when you stood listening outside the library window you heard Royal Fairfax describe to me an approach to Fisher's Hill through a ravine; he was making a drawing of it as he spoke. That same night you went to General Sheridan and told him about the ravine."

Nathan gave a slight start, but his face did not change.

"I don't know nothin' 'bout no ravine," he muttered doggedly.

"It's quite useless for you to deny it, Nathan," May continued. "You were on your way to Strasburg when I met you on the turnpike. You remember? Now, you're going along with me to General Early and tell him what you did."

"I reckon I ain't no sich fool as that," said Nathan. "'Sides I ain't got nothin' to tell."

"Very well, then listen to me." May spoke quietly, but her heart was beating wildly and she felt almost faint. If he should prove obdurate then Royal Fairfax must die the death of a traitor and the time was short. "If you refuse to go with me, you will be kept a prisoner here, guarded by Cephas and Black Jim, until word can be sent to Royal Fairfax. You know what mercy you have to expect at his hands."

Instinctively May hit upon the most forcible argument she could have brought to bear upon Nathan. For the first time that expressionless face of his changed. Fury, hatred and terror leaped to his eyes and an ashen pallor settled over his yellow face. For a moment or so he did not speak, while May watched him in almost breathless suspense.

"I'll go 'long with you," he said, at length.

May drew a long breath of intense relief. She knew that Royal Fairfax was saved.

"You are acting wisely," she said. "Now, Cephas, you take Nathan to the stables. If he makes any attempt to get away, you know what to do."

"He ain't nebber gwine to git 'way frum me, young missy," declared Cephas, "not while thar's any life lef' in dis heah brack body ob mine."

A few minutes later the three were riding swiftly up the turnpike, Nathan on the horse in front of Cephas.

As long as she lived every feature of that night's ride was stamped upon May's very soul. The gray turnpike, glimmering faintly through the darkness, the sky, with its drifting clouds, the cool, strong wind in her face, the cowering form of Nathan and the erect, watchful one of Cephas. Not for one single instant did Cephas relax his vigilance. His young master's life depended upon his bringing to General Early that silent, crouching creature in front of him, and Cephas would have undergone unspeakable tortures, if necessary, to accomplish it.

Only once did Nathan lift his head during that ride to the camp of the Confederates. As they passed the Old Stone House he gave one long glance in that direction and then his head sunk again upon his breast.

May shuddered as they rode by that portion of Fisher's Hill battlefield which ran along the turnpike. Nathan cowered and trembled. Cephas alone was unmoved. At any other time he would have been filled with superstitious terror, now his one thought was to reach the camp of the Confederates with Nathan.

After they had ridden for some miles in silence, May turned suddenly toward Nathan and spoke.

"Nathan, what induced you to be guilty of such base treachery and ingratitude?" she asked. "Colonel Fairfax took you in from the roadside when you were homeless and almost starving and all these years has been kind and good to you. Did you betray the Confederates in the hope of being rewarded?"

"No," replied Nathan. "'Twarn't fo' that." He suddenly straightened up. "I done it 'cause I hate Royal Fairfax," he added, his usually dull, monotonous voice almost startling in its sudden tone of passionate vindictiveness.

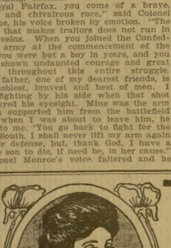
"Because you hate Royal Fairfax?" exclaimed May. "Why do you hate him? He never injured you."

"I always hated him," Nathan answered, in the same tone of malignant vindictiveness. "He struck me onct and I ain't never fo'gived nor fo'got that. I always 'tended fo' to git even with him some day. I went and told Gen'al Sheridan 'bout that thar ravine. I done it fo' to git even with Royal Fairfax. I thought he'd be killed or taken prisoner."

"You low-down, onnary, sneakin' villain!" cried Cephas, passionately. "Hangin' am too good fo' de laks ob you."

An involuntary prayer of thanksgiving went up from May's very heart that she had carefully concealed Royal's peril from Nathan, for she knew that nothing on earth could have wrung that confession from Nathan had he known.

She trembled at the mere thought of his



MISS JULIE FLORENCE WALSH

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Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation to Women

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to write Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free.

knowing the truth until he had made a confession to General Early.

CHAPTER XIX.

"General, there is a young girl outside who wishes to see you," said an orderly, entering the room where General Early, Colonel Monroe and several other officers were seated.

"A young girl," repeated General Early with a look of surprise. "What does she wish?"

"She told me to say to you that her business with you was of vital importance, and that she must see you immediately."

"Then admit her."

The orderly withdrew, and in a few moments ushered May into the room and retired. The officers looked at her admiringly and with interest as she came forward. She was strikingly handsome, her cheeks deeply flushed and her eyes brilliant with excitement.

As she advanced the officers all arose. She looked inquiringly from one to the other.

"I am General Early, young lady," said General Early. "What can I do for you? Do you wish to speak to me alone?" as she glanced at the other officers.

"No, I prefer speaking to you in the presence of these gentlemen," May replied. "General Early, my name is May Langley; Colonel Fairfax is my guardian and I live at Fairfax Manor."

"Ah!" exclaimed General Early. "Miss Langley," he continued, "I am afraid that I can guess your motive in seeking me. You have been informed; no doubt the colored boy, Cephas, has been to Fairfax Manor with the intelligence that Royal Fairfax is found guilty of high treason and you have come to plead for him. My child," General Early spoke with rare gentleness, "in that case spare both yourself and me, for it will avail nothing."

"You are mistaken, General," May replied quietly. "I have not come here to ask anything of you, but, on the contrary, to prevent your making a grave mistake which you would spend the rest of your life in regretting."

"I shall be glad to have you explain what you mean," said General Early.

"I have come here to prevent the ignominious death of a perfectly innocent man," May continued. "Royal Fairfax is no traitor, though he would die the death of one rather than betray a woman."

"Do you mean to imply that it was a woman who carried that information to General Sheridan?" asked General Early quickly.

"I mean that this is the impression under which Royal Fairfax is laboring; in a word, he believes that it was I who carried that information to General Sheridan the night before the battle."

"You?" exclaimed General Early.

"Yes, I. You see, General, I am a girl from the North, and I must admit that Royal Fairfax has very good reason to believe that it was I who betrayed the Confederates. I will tell you why," and this she proceeded to do.

When she had finished it was some moments before General Early spoke. "Young lady, I do not doubt the truth of all that you tell me," he said at length with reluctance. "But I must have proof that Royal Fairfax is actuated by the motives you claim before I would be justified in sparing his life. You say that you were returning from Strasburg when he encountered you on the turnpike. May I ask what took you to Strasburg that night?"

"I went to see General Sheridan," replied May quietly.

There was a movement of astonishment among the officers and General Early bent a penetrating look upon May from beneath his bushy brows.

"And what was your purpose in seeking General Sheridan?" he asked rather sternly.

"I went to General Sheridan to ask him to return a horse belonging to Virginia Fairfax, Colonel Fairfax's daughter, which had been carried off by some of his men that morning. General Sheridan was very kind," May smiled a little, "though he did not know that I was a Northern girl. He assured me that if the horse was found among his troops it should be returned immediately to Fairfax Manor. He was as good as his word, and I am riding that same horse tonight. You say that you must have proof of Royal Fairfax's innocence, General. Very well, you shall have proof."

She crossed the room to the door and opened it. Nathan entered, closely followed by Cephas. Nathan's face was ashen; he gave one quick furtive look about the room, then stood, his eyes bent upon the ground, his long fingers writhing and twitching.

"General Early," said May, "that man carried to General Sheridan the information in regard to the ravine. His name is Nathan, and for nine years he has lived at Fairfax Manor in the service of Colonel Fairfax. He was standing outside the library window when Royal Fairfax was telling me about the ravine and making the drawing. He heard all that was said, and that night he went to Strasburg and told General Sheridan about the ravine. Isn't this true, Nathan?"

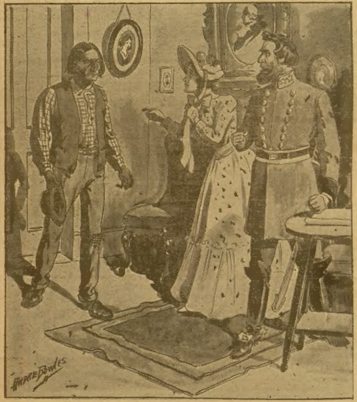
"I done told you onct that I done it," replied Nathan sullenly.

"What was your object in doing this?" asked General Early. "Are your sympathies with the North?"

A ghastly semblance of a smile passed over Nathan's face.

"I don't keer nothin' 'bout the North," he replied. "Missy thar knows why I done it."

"He claims that he did it because he hates Royal Fairfax," May explained. "He has never forgiven Royal for striking him and he thought that Royal would be killed or taken prisoner if the Federals were victorious."



"That man carried the information to Gen. Sheridan!"

"You are part Indian, aren't you?" asked Colonel Monroe addressing Nathan, whom he had been examining curiously.

Nathan made no reply. He gave no sign of even having heard the question.

"He has always been very reticent in regard to himself," May said, after a moment. "But we have always believed that he was part Indian." She turned to General Early and asked, a little falteringly, "What do you intend doing with him, General?"

"Have him hanged at daybreak," was the prompt reply.

In an instant all Nathan's sullen efforts at self-control vanished. He uttered a cry like the frightened howl of some animal; his teeth chattered, his knees trembled under him.

General Early regarded him with a look of contempt.

"He may have Indian blood in him," he remarked, "but he certainly is devoid of the stoicism characteristic of the race. I will write an order for Lieutenant Fairfax's release and then this fellow can be taken to the guard house."

As he turned toward the table upon which there were writing materials, May laid her hand on his arm.

"General Early," she said a little tremulously, while her cheeks flushed and the tears filled her eyes, "will you entrust me with that order? I would like to be the one to tell Royal that—that the truth is known."

General Early took very gently in his the hand resting upon his arm. "You are a very brave girl," he said. "Yes, you shall carry the good news to Lieutenant Fairfax. Lieutenant Fairfax is a chivalrous gentleman and a brave soldier, therefore he could not do otherwise than be willing to die to shield a woman."

"Thank you, General," murmured May.

A little later, somewhat pale, she stood outside the guard house. As the guard unfastened the door she said:

"I wish to go in to Lieutenant Fairfax alone. You can return in about ten minutes."

"Very well, miss," replied the guard, and then he went away.

"It was a small log house in which Royal was confined, lighted dimly by a lantern hung among the rafters. There was one small window at which Royal was standing. He did not turn as May entered, thinking that she was the guard.

"Has Cephas returned, Martin?" he asked.

"Royal, it is I," said May.

Royal wheeled around and stared at her, a sudden dread and terror growing in his eyes.

"May, what in the name of Heaven are you doing here?" he asked almost in a whisper.

"I am here to save you, Royal," she replied, and he could hardly recognize that low, tremulous voice as May's.

He crossed to her side and caught her arm.

"My God! what have you done?" he cried.

May burst into tears.

"Oh, Royal, can you ever forgive me for having misjudged you all these years?" she sobbed.

"Do not keep me in suspense, May," he exclaimed desperately. "Tell me what brought you here and what have you done?"

"I came here to prevent your sacrificing yourself to shield me," she replied. "But, Royal, you were wrong; it was not I who carried that information to General Sheridan."

"Not—not you?" he murmured, bewilderingly. "Then who did it?"

"It was Nathan."

There was great rejoicing in the camp of the Confederates over the vindication of Lieutenant Fairfax. Only one held aloof from him—Marshall Boyer. Finally Lieutenant Fairfax approached him and said:

"Marshall, surely you know that I bear you no ill-will for doing your duty?"

"I am sure of that, Royal, for I know how just and generous you are," Marshall answered, "but I also know that it can never be again with us as it was before."

There was silence for a few moments while Royal's eyes rested upon the dark, strong face before him, upon which there were marks of mental suffering which Royal knew the years would never quite efface.

"Perhaps it cannot be quite with us as it was before, but—" and he put out his hand.

And as he grasped it in his, Marshall murmured brokenly:

"I do not deserve such generosity at your hands."

As the day was breaking they led Nathan out to die. All fear seemed to have left him as he stood beneath the tree from which dangled the rope that was to end his existence.

"His Indian blood asserted itself at the last," Lieutenant Fairfax remarked to Lieutenant Boyer when it was all over, "he met his death like a stoic."

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Pointed Paragraphs.

Nightmares are evidently in the dark-horse class.

Of two evils choose neither; both will come home to roost.

It's a wise boy who knows enough to laugh at his father's jokes.

It is well to investigate an oil well that won't bear looking into.

Distance lends enchantment to the view of a friend who is always in need.

Some men are as anxious to get into the limelight as others are to dodge it.

Many a so-called charitable man draws the line when it comes to buying his wife new clothes.

A woman seldom listens to a man's explanation, yet it makes her angry if he refuses to offer one.

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Better a good enemy than a bad friend.

The most attractive peaches grow on family trees.

Candy is a bit of condensed sweetness; candor isn't.

What we need is a wreckless train instead of a reckless one.

Every dog has his day—and the watchdog also has his night.

Most detectives knit their brows while trying to unravel a mystery.

Airships should enable men to rise above their troubles, but they don't.

It's easier for some to make love than it is for them to make a living.

Don't put too much faith in the repentance that comes after detection.

Never judge a man by the company he keeps; it may be his wife's-folks.

Necessity knows no law, but it sometimes forms the acquaintance of a mother-in-law.

General Castillo ought to know that Cuba is a few sizes too small to bluff the United States.

Many a man thinks he's putting up a strong argument when in reality he is only making a loud noise.

Any man who flirts with trouble is apt to have a breach of promise suit on his hands sooner or later.

American emigration to the Canadian Northwest is helping to make room for European immigrants.

If a woman hasn't anything else to do she borrows a recipe from her neighbor and attempts to make a cake.

After the trial is over the Thaw lawyers might hire the State of Nevada and fight out their differences.

Mr. Rockefeller should climb a tall hill and wigwag a warning to the comet that is about to bump into this earth.

In the United States the automobile manufacturing industry increased 461 per cent in five years, but this may include the repairs.

Some men are like some horses; they will stand without hitching, but tie them to a post and they will proceed to kick over the traces.

Swollen fortunes may be a menace to the country, but the sons of rich Pittsburgers are doing what they can to reduce the swelling.

Owing to their celebrated smoke nuisance, Chicagoans have lungs as black as ink, thus furnishing a startling contrast to their pure white consciences.

Hoke Smith wants the State of Georgia to own a railroad from Chicago to Atlanta. If Mr. Bryan isn't careful some of his Southern friends will be shoving him into the background as a conservative.

THE THIRD WOMAN;

—OR—

The Mysteries of Stanley House.

By MAJOR ALBION F. GRANT, author of "The Deuce of Diamonds," "The Stolen Millions," etc.

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CHAPTER XII.

THE FRINGE OF THE SECRET.

The very horror of the thing chilled my blood and for a moment I reeled against the wall of my prison, with every drop of blood, as it seemed, congealed in my veins.

To be cooped up with the deadliest reptile in the world, one for whose sting there is no known antidote, was enough to set me raving in the gloom of that cell.

What had become of the cobra I did not know.

I had torn it from my limb and thrown it across the room where I hoped it had been killed by coming in contact with the other wall.

But I did not know.

At last I felt my heart beat again, then I moved a little and swept the darkness with my hand.

It touched nothing.

Presently I caught a glow of light in the room. It grew stronger by degrees and at last I made out the same little man before me.

This time there was no hesitation on my part. I went across the space that separated us like a missile hurled from a catapult and reached the Hindu's throat.

There was grim satisfaction in feeling the dark skin of that little demon, in getting my fingers behind his windpipe, and I held on, not letting up for a single moment.

I intended to kill him then and there, and I knew that he could not cry out for my fingers prevented that.

With the fury of the demon that possessed me I pushed him against the wall as though I would crush him into it and looked into his face with the triumph of a fiend.

Poor little demon! he could not even gasp.

Not once did I think of the reptile.

I had turned my whole attention to the man I held in my merciless grip, resolving not to release him till I had strangled the last spark of life out of him.

At last he became limp in my hands. His own hands dropped lifeless to his side and then, with the light still shining in my face, I lowered him to the floor. There was no movement about him and I rejoiced to think that I had robbed the Cobra League of one of its demons.

With the Hindu out of the way I began to look about for an avenue of escape.

Doubtless the cobra had been introduced into the room for the purpose of making way with me and the man had entered to see that the work had been done.

Back of the man, lying at the foot of the wall, I discerned a streak in the wall which seemed to tell from whence the light had come.

I pressed the spot with my hand and, lo! a door opened noiselessly.

It was the way to freedom!

In a moment I flung myself through the opening and stood in another room and the one where the light was.

I was alone.

My first thought was of the street beyond, and the following minute I was beyond that accursed house.

Free at last!

It was night when I emerged from the house, which told me how long my sleep had been. I knew but little of Shoreham Ditch, for I had seldom gone down into its nastiness, but the location of this plague spot was not wholly unknown to me.

The lights of the narrow street, if street it may be called, burned dimly in the dense fog that overhung London. One might have cut it with a knife, but I was used to such things.

Advancing down the street, but not until I had taken as good a survey of my prison as I could under the circumstances, I came out of Shoreham Ditch with feelings of pleasure.

Getting into a more respectable locality I looked around for a hansom, but looked in vain. The cabbies did not look for fares in that spot.

I was anxious to get back to Stanley House for it was now almost midnight.

A strange weakness had followed the struggle and horrors of the House of the Cobra League.

I found an all-night wine shop and entered for the purpose of giving my nerves better tone, and took a seat at one of the little tables.

The shop was not of the best. I looked around and found myself surrounded by a lot of men and women, the scum of the town, the poor outcasts of wicked London—characters who would rob and kill without the least compunction.

However, I wanted something to stir my sluggish and half-frozen blood and called for wine.

It was not the vintage of Andalusia's hills that I got; nor was it nectar brewed in Araby the Blest, but it sent warmth throughout my system and that was what I wanted.

It tasted to my palate, rotten stuff that it was, as sweet as the chianti of the Luxumbourg, and I lingered at the table for some time.

Suddenly I looked over my glass and found a little man peering at me with fox-like eyes that seemed to have a strange glitter.

He was but two tables removed from me and I beckoned him forward.

He seemed to shrink for a moment, then he rose and dropped into a chair opposite me, with his eyes still as glittering as ever.

"Ha! ha!" he suddenly chuckled. "You don't have patients in this pit hole, Doctor?"

I started. The fellow knew me.

"You call me Doctor," said I. "I don't know you, but——"

"O, ho, you are Doctor just the same," he went on. "I have seen you before, but not here."

"Who are you?" I asked. "Since you seem to be familiar with my personality you must tell me your name."

"I am Balky, the Rat., I've just got out o' quod, ha! ha! Been up some little time."

I thought so. The man was a common thief.

"Is your distinguished patient in this locality?" he resumed in tones that startled me. "Is His Grace, Sir George, in the pithole?"

"Sir George?" cried I. "In the name of Heaven, what do you know about Sir George?"

"Robbed him once, ha, ha!"

"Burgled Stanley House, you mean?"

"Yes. Strange house, that. Must have been built by some old smuggler of the olden time. Never saw anything like it. And my head for a football if there's another house like it in all England."

"What do you mean?"

"What, haven't you found out its mysteries? And yet you've been there?"

"I know something about Stanley House, but there may be some things about it that I've overlooked."

The London thief looked at me for a minute before he moved or spoke again.

"What's it worth, Doctor?" he suddenly asked.

"What is what worth?"

"Why the secret that I discovered when I burgled Sir George's pretty den in Waterloo Road."

"Well, what do you say?"

"Twenty pound, sir."

"That's a good deal to pay for something that I may know already."

The man shook his head.

"It's the hidden chamber," said he. "I fell upon it with the luck of a fool. It's a strange room, all fixed up after the style of some old century. There's where I got some of my plunder. It's great, it is, Doctor, that secret room of Stanley House. It's worth twenty pound the secret is," and the thief leaned back in his chair and grinned mystically.

A strange, wild thought flashed through my brain.

What if I were on the threshold of the solution of the Stanley mystery? What if Sir George was hidden in that secret room? The bare thought thrilled me, and Balky, the Rat, the acknowledged thief of London, had offered me the secret for twenty pounds!

CHAPTER XIII.

IN WHICH I LOSE MY JOB.

It was with feelings of hope that I quitted the low wine shop and the companionship of Balky the Rat and struck out for the mysterious house in Waterloo Road.

The thief had provided me with a roughly drawn sketch of the interior of Stanley House and the location of the secret chamber in which I confidently expected to find the person of Sir George.

My brain fairly swam with anticipation and I covered the distance with something of the movements of a madman. I had escaped the desperate designs of the Cobra League, including the fangs of the deadly reptile and hoped to solve at least one of the mysteries of the hour.

It was past midnight when I climbed the steps of Stanley House, passing between the two stone lions that guarded it, fancies of old Sir George, and let myself in.

The place was strangely lightless. I found the stair and passing in, resolved first to pay a visit to the laboratory. In the room I struck a light and gave the room a pleasant appearance so far as that could be done with the everyday work tools of the chemist.

The first thing I noticed was a bit of paper on the work board.

Thinking that it was a message for me I picked it up and opened it at once.

Sure enough it was for me and my face went white as I pursued the writing which ran as follows:

"Dear Doctor Darrell: I cannot remain near you a moment longer. For your life and mine I have gone away. Would to Heaven we had never met, but the fates willed it so. Be on your guard for you are in the shadow of a dreadful doom. May Heaven protect you. VEDA GARRAGH."

I looked up from the brief and startling note with feelings I cannot describe.

The Third Woman was gone! Veda Garragh, the one I loved, had passed out of my existence as strangely as she had come into it. Rather than remain after killing the cobra, she had taken flight, leaving me with a warning which I felt gave me some hope, should we ever meet again.

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in the lead, we have kept this organization at all times the best market in the world for fence brains. We have made the greatest advance in wire-fence building, and by keeping our output large, we have been able to keep the price low and still not hesitate at the cost of improvements. Recent improvement—better galvanizing—means longer life in fence that costs you no more than it did before.

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I thrust the writing into my pocket and went to my rooms.

There I tossed on my bed, for I had resolved not to institute a search for the hidden apartment until daylight, and at last I dropped into a deep slumber.

I found the sun in my face the next morning when I opened my eyes to the new day.

There was a strange silence in the dining room when I went down to breakfast. I was the sole occupant of the little table.

Bolting down the meal as quickly as possible, I rose and was about to quit the room when a frou-frou of skirts attracted my attention and the door opened.

Muriel Vascon stood there with the whitest of faces and the most stareful eyes.

She uttered a little cry, upon seeing me and I at once recollected the detective's suspicions.

What, this fair stately girl the poisoner of Sir George? I would not believe it.

"Good morning," said I, with the utmost cheeriness. "I trust you are feeling well, Miss Muriel."

"Quite well, sir," she said with a haughtiness which I did not let escape me. "Really, I did not think you had returned. Yet it is best that you should know, doctor."

"And what is it that I should know?"

"Since Sir George is no longer under your care, it is not necessary that you should waste your time in Stanley House."

The girl spoke with an effort and it was with difficulty that I beat down my temper.

"But Sir George is my patient so long as he lives," said I. "He may still be in the house——"

"We think not, sir. Has it not been searched with the utmost diligence?"

"Quite true Miss. I have just engaged the services of a detective."

"Upon whose authority?"

"Upon my own."

"It was not my wish," stammered Muriel. "Besides, it will give us an unwished for notoriety."

"Something must be done," said I. "Since we alone have been unable to solve the mystery."

She said nothing for a moment and looked away.

"If it is your command that I go, you shall be obeyed," I replied. "Do you command it?"

I thought for a moment that Muriel Vascon would fall in a faint at my feet, but she recovered with a supreme effort and pulled herself together.

"You know that in the unexplained absence of my uncle I am mistress of the house," said she. "I deem it best that you should go away, Doctor Darrell."

"Your word is my law," I answered. "I shall go as soon as I have taken another look for Sir George."

"Why prolong the mystery?" she replied. "Have we not sounded every wall in the house? And without results?"

"Quite true, but I demand that I take one more search."

"I cannot but grant you that privilege. The house is at your service."

With this and with her face as white as ever, she turned on her heel, gave me a parting look and vanished.

I was alone in the dining room.

In another minute I was at work. Taking the plans of Balky the Rat from my pocket, I went to the west wing of the house and began my search.

What if the old thief had deceived me? What if, for the glass of wine I had given him, he had drawn up a fictitious plan, leaving me to have my trouble for my pains and with the same result I had already met with?

Where he had said a secret room existed I had found none before. I had searched that very place time after time, but had found no hollow wall and not even a hollow sound. After all I was the dupe of the old rascal.

The west wing of the house seemed deserted of every living being, but myself.

The gray light sifted into the old corridor where I was sounding the walls, hunting for the secret button which Balky said he had accidentally discovered. But none rewarded me.

The mystery seemed as dark as ever.

Suddenly I hear a footstep behind me, and upon turning I stood face to face with Jelkins, the maid.

The big girl was eyeing me like a tiger, yet with a grin on her face which irritated me. I recalled her secret meeting on the gravel walk with Ram Boni, and thought she knew more about Sir George's disappearance than she had been suspected of knowing.

"Still on the wild goose-chase, doctor?" she said, almost laughing outright.

"As you say," I answered. "Perhaps if some people would unseal their lips this secret would not be quite as dark as it seems."

The arrow went to the center of the target.

There flashed up in Jelkins' eyes a fury from which I involuntarily recoiled.

"Do you accuse me?" she cried, coming straight at me with her great white hands thrown outward and her cheeks flushed to crimson. "I won't have it, you little meddler!"

In another instant I had backed against the wall and the fair fury faced me.

"Touch me if you dare!" I exclaimed. "Lay hands on me and you shall explain in jail why you meet Ram Boni after dark in the grounds of Stanley House."

She stopped that instant. Her face went from red to white and her teeth seemed to chatter.

"It is a lie!" cried the big girl. "It is false! I meet no one after dark. Why don't you ask your assistant some questions about Sir George Stanley? Ask Veda Garragh what she knows!"

CHAPTER XIV.

FOUND AND LOST.

Then Jelkins turned and almost bounded down the corridor, turning its one corner before I could stop her.

Ask Veda? Yes, but Veda was gone.

With my mind full the of the coming and disappearance of the big maid, I gave over my search for the present and went back to the laboratory.

After putting the poisons under lock and key and taking a look at the dead cobra in its steel cage, which had become its tomb, I prepared to quit Stanley House.

I wrote a hasty note to Miss Muriel, hoping that she would fare well in the future and adding that I trusted that Sir George would turn up alive, I locked the little door and with a small grip left the house.

From the end of the graveled walk I looked back and saw the curtains of Muriel's chamber slightly parted. I fancied that I saw also a pale face at the window, but was not sure, so I did not wave the girl a parting.

It was not a long walk to the main road where, after a little waiting, I hailed a hansom and was driven cityward. I called first at Detective Price's rooms, but found him out, and then hunted up my former landlady and reengaged the same little rooms I had previously occupied.

I wondered if Veda Garragh was in the city and I was anxious to find her in order to have a full explanation of her strange and mysterious note.

All that day I searched for her, going to Garret Square, where she had previously dwelt, but without success.

Night found me down town in hopes of seeing her face on the street. All London roared around me with its ceaseless traffic and maddening whirl. My brain whirled, too, at times.

Without knowing whither I directed my steps, for the time being I seemed to walk in a maze, I found myself in the vicinity of the Alhambra.

The front of the theater was a blaze of garish lights and the usual habitutes of the place were pouring in. I bought a ticket and entered.

Taking a seat where I was not likely to be readily observed, I waited for the performance. I would take another look at Ram Boni. I would study the little Hindu juggler once more and, while waiting, I glanced up at the gallery in hopes of getting a look at Jelkins.

Ram Boni was more than himself on that particular night.

He went through his mysticisms with the true juggler's zeal and soon I was deep in his black art.

All at once I hear a whisper at my ear.

"These Hindu devils are masters of their art, eh, Darrell?"

I turned with a sudden start and looked into the face of a man who sat behind me.

"He's good at any rate," said I, not recognizing my fellow observer.

"Devilish good," with a little laugh. "How go matters at Stanley House by this time?"

I stared at the man with bulging eyes, for I did not know him.

"We'll have a truce to this little mystery of our own," he continued. "You don't know your old friend, Price, eh?"

It was Price the detective, the very person I desired to encounter.

I told him of the past events at Stanley House and he listened with the closest interest.

"So your assistant, or the Third Woman, as you call her, has taken herself away?"

"Yes. She left without a moment's warning. Here's what she left for me," and I handed him Veda's note.

He scanned it eagerly, I watching the workings of his face all the while and when he reached the last word, he handed it back to me.

"A little strange, don't you think?" said he.

"Inexplicable. A second mystery," I replied.

"Why don't you get a full explanation from the girl?"

"I've got to find her first."

"Where are your eyes tonight, doc?" laughed Price. "Look into the left gallery and at the third face in the second tier."

I elevated my gaze and almost started from my seat.

There sat Veda Garragh with her eyes riveted upon Ram Boni, who still held the stage with his jugglery.

"She's interested, eh?" smiled the detective.

"My God! What brought the girl to such a place?" I exclaimed.

"That's her look out. Perhaps she is looking for another cobra to kill."

I did not like this allusion to Veda's work in the laboratory, but said nothing about it, and in another moment the whole house went wild over the finishing of one of the Hindu's cleverest tricks.

"She's got her fill now," continued Price. "She came hither for the express purpose of seeing Ram Boni perform and now she'll be off."

Even as he spoke, Veda began to make momements of departure, and I picked up my hat.

"You're going, too?" said Price.

"Yes. I don't care to lose the girl. Are you going out?"

"Not just yet."

Veda Garragh was now on her feet and, bidding Price a hasty good night, I turned toward the exit.

On the sidewalk I waited eagerly for the Third Woman. My heart beat strangely in my bosom and I was almost breathless with excitement.

At last I caught sight of her in the midst of a little group that poured from the theater.

She pulled her veil over her face, but I knew her by her figure and the dress she wore.

Waiting until she had separated from the others on the sidewalk, I sprang eagerly forward and my hand closed on her arm.

She gave a little cry as she turned and looked into my face. I shall never forget the gleam of her eyes as I could see it through the gauze that covered her face.

"You? My God!" cried the girl.

"Yes. Why not?" said I, still clinging to her arm. "You are going this way, eh? We will walk together."

"Not for the world," and she shook herself loose. "I dare not. Don't ask me why. You got the note? Are you such a fool that you will not heed the warning?"

"I am not afraid of them," I said boldly. "The Cobra League can no more than kill."

"The Cobra League? Who mentioned it?"

"You did not, Veda." It was the first time I had ever called her by her Christian name. "No, you have not mentioned that terrible cabal. I have been in its power. I know some of its workings. You killed my cobra. I have not asked you why. Now you go away without an explanation. You practically tell me not to follow you. But I must. I must come between yourself and those who have you in their power."

She gave another little cry at this and turned away.

"You will let me protect you from the Cobra League? I will wait for your explanation. I can wait. What you know about the strange disappearance of Sir George——"

"Merciful God! say no more," she interrupted. "Let me die! I am wholly unfit to live. I have deceived you, doctor. I have basely acted the part of an ingrate. I—I——"

By this time I was half a block from the entrance of the Alhambra.

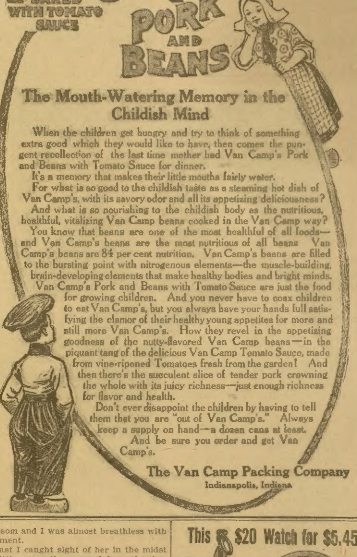
"You must go," cried Veda Garragh. "Perhaps we may meet again, but it were best that we do not. Heed the warning that I left. You are in the shadow of doom. You are marked for the silent death!"

I would have answered her in a bold defiant strain, but at that moment a figure darted forward and I was pushed from the girl.

She uttered a despairing cry, torn from the depths of a woman's heart, and I caught sight of a dark little villainous face with two cobra-like eyes above the cheek bones, and the following second I was struck twice in rapid succession by something that pricked like a needle, and reeling away I lost sight of the Third Woman and the glittering eyes.

The continuation of this startling story of pitfalls and dangerous places will appear in next week's Ledger. Subscribers are requested to note the Ledger's special offer of the Free Stereoscope; also any six of our stylish and valuable patterns. These fine premiums are shown on pages thirteen and fifteen of this issue. Don't miss them.

$8,000-$10,000 YEARLY is frequently made by owners of our famous Merry-Go-Rounds. It is a delightful, attractive, big-paying, healthful business. Just the thing for the man who can't stand indoor work, or is not fit for heavy work. Just the business for a man who has some money and wants to invest it to the best advantage. They are simple in construction and require no special knowledge to operate. Write for catalogue and particulars.
HERSCHELL-SPILLMAN CO.
253 Sweeney Street, North Tonawanda, N. Y.



Van Camp's BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE PORK AND BEANS

The Mouth-Watering Memory in the Childish Mind

When the children get hungry and try to think of something extra good which they would like to have, then comes the pungent recollection of the last time mother had Van Camp's Pork and Beans with Tomato Sauce for dinner.

It's a memory that makes their little mouths fairly water.

For what is so good to the childish taste as a steaming hot dish of Van Camp's, with its savory odor and all its appetizing deliciousness?

And what is so nourishing to the childish body as the nutritious, healthful, vitalizing Van Camp beans cooked in the Van Camp way?

You know that beans are one of the most healthful of all foods—and Van Camp's beans are the most nutritious of all beans Van Camp's beans are 84 per cent nutrition. Van Camp's beans are filled to the bursting point with nitrogenous elements—the muscle-building, brain-developing elements that make healthy bodies and bright minds.

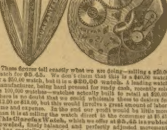
Van Camp's Pork and Beans with Tomato Sauce are just the food for growing children. And you never have to coax children to eat Van Camp's, but you always have your hands full satisfying the clamor of their healthy young appetites for more and still more Van Camp's. How they revel in the appetizing goodness of the nutty-flavored Van Camp beans—in the piquant tang of the delicious Van Camp Tomato Sauce, made from vine-ripened Tomatoes fresh from the garden! And then there's the succulent slice of tender pork crowning the whole with its juicy richness—just enough richness for flavor and health.

Don't ever disappoint the children by having to tell them that you are "out of Van Camp's." Always keep a supply on hand—a dozen cans at least.

And be sure you order and get Van Camp's.

The Van Camp Packing Company
Indianapolis, Indiana

This $20 Watch for $5.45

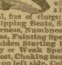


These figures tell exactly what we are doing—selling a $20.00 watch for $5.45. We don't claim that this is a $40.00 watch or a $50.00 watch, but it is a $20.00 watch. A leading watch manufacturer, being hard pressed for ready cash, recently sold us 100,000 watches—watches actually built to retail at $20.00. There is no doubt that we could wholesale these to dealers for $12.00 or $15.00, but this would involve a great amount of labor, time and expense. In the end our profit would be little more than it is at selling the watch direct to the consumer at $5.45. This Clarefax Watch, which we offer at $5.45 is a rubied jeweled, finely balanced and perfectly adjusted movement. It has specially selected jewels, dust band, patent regulator, enameled dial, jeweled compensation balance, double hunting case, genuine gold-laid and handsomely engraved. Each watch is thoroughly timed, tested and regulated before leaving the factory and both the case and movement are guaranteed for 20 years.

Send us your name, post-office address, and nearest express office and name of this paper. Tell us whether you want a ladies' or gents' watch and we will send the watch to your express office at once. If it satisfies you, after a careful examination, pay the express agent $5.45 and express charges and the watch is yours, but if it doesn't please you return it to us at our expense.

A 20-Year guarantee will be placed in the front case of the watch we send you and to the first 10,000 customers we will send a beautiful gold-laid watch chain, Free. We refer to the First National Bank of Chicago, Capital $10,000,000.
NATIONAL CONSOLIDATED WATCH CO.
Dept. 806, CHICAGO.

DON'T DROP DEAD



AS hundreds are daily doing who either do not know that they have heart disease or are not aware that it can now be cured by using Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets. If you have any of the following symptoms write at once to the doctor, who will send to you by mail, postpaid, a box of his celebrated Tablets for trial, free of charge: Fluttering, Palpitation, Skipping Beats, Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before the eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nightmare, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Cold hands and feet, Difficult Breathing, Dropsy, Swelling of feet and ankles, Neuralgia around the heart. Address Dr. F.G. Kinsman, Box 935 Augusta, Maine.

Cancer Cured.
No Knife, No Pain.

People I have cured of cancer prove the astonishing results of my treatment. Peter Keagan, Galesburg, Ill., writes: "It is only a question of time—I must die." Doctors said "no hope." My new method was used and today Mr. Keagan's cancer of the throat is healed and he is well. I have made wonderful cures without pain, operation, sticky balms, oils or plasters. My treatment is clean and wholesome. It gives instant relief from the smarting, itching and terrible burning pain, destroys the offensive odor and has cured cases given up by the family physician and specialists. If you have cancer or have a friend who has cancer, write me today. Full information, proofs, and advice given without charge. Address DR. RUPERT WELLS, 2655 Radol Bldg., St. Louis, Missouri.

16 COMIC POST CARDS 10¢ Funniest cards ever printed; beautifully colored, no two alike and every one a corker. 16 cards, 10c; 48 cards, 25c. Big novelty catalog free. DRAKE CARD CO., DEPT. 38, 340 VAN BUREN ST., CHICAGO.

Experience as a Teacher.

"The way to get a thing done properly," remarked the home-grown philosopher, "is to do it yourself."

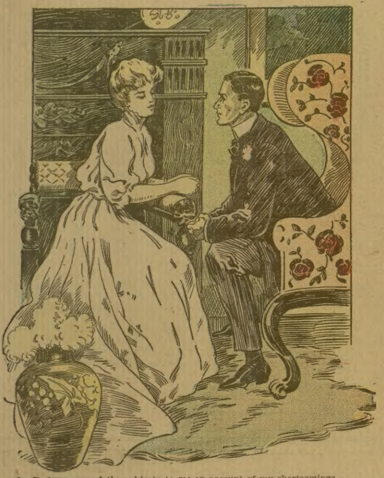
"That's where you go lame," rejoined the man with the absent hair. "The proper way is to let your wife do it—then she can't say 'I told you so.' "

Even Exchange.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the barber, scrutinizing the proffered tip, "but this dime is mutilated. It is full of hacks."

"So was your razor," chuckled the humorous patron as he hurried out.

JOKES AND



He—Perhaps your father objects to me on account of my shortcomings.
She—No, I think it's on account of your late stayings.

AGENTS WANTED

Nearly all the readers of THE LEDGER will find these advertisements of interest to them. There will be found among them some excellent chances of making money by selling goods to friends, neighbors and others. Those seeking such an opportunity either as a regular or temporary occupation, should write the advertisers whose offers follow.

AGENTS Portraits, Frames and Pillow Tops at lowest prices. Experience unnecessary. New catalogue and samples free. Write BAILEY CO., 61 POTOMAC AVE., CHICAGO

OH! MY! discounts to men and women **AGENTS** selling Dr. Foote's "old reliable" remedies and books—proved the best by 50 years' test. DR. FOOTE'S SONS, 129 E. 28th St., New York

$18 to $30 WEEKLY Guaranteed Men & Women Sell Watches, Jewelry, or appoint agents. Sample $10 Watch free. Don't wait until your territory is taken. Write today to UNION WATCH CO., Dept. 189, CHICAGO, Ill.

PICTURE AGENTS Large 24 x 28 Framed Pictures cost 38c complete, sell for 98c easy. 120 subjects. New idea, enlarged portraits, colored, matted and elegantly framed, cost $1.00. Sell like hot cakes at $2.90. New idea samples. Picture Co., Dept. D8 Wayne, Ill.

AGENTS $50. Per WEEK WANTED To sell the Dr. Haux famous "Perfect Vision" spectacles—finest on earth. State present occupation. Dr. Haux Spectacle Co., Dept. 115 St. Louis.

$75 A MONTH [illegible] Cooker FREE to Agents. We are the largest manufacturer of Aluminum Cooking Utensils in the world. E. H. Smith, Oakville, Pa. cleared $212 in 6 days; so can you. Every woman needs one. We share profits with our agents. No capital required. We ship on time. Experience not necessary. We teach you the work. American Aluminum Manufacturing Co. Dept., 4 Lemont, Ill.

AGENTS WANTED

We want Agents to sell Our Made-To-Order Suits and Pants. Suits from $10.00 up. Pants $2.00 up. We will give liberal commission to the right men. If you are interested, write at once for sample outfit, particulars and territory.
Warrington Woolen & Worsted Mills, Dept. 15, Chicago, Ill.

$20 A Week — Expenses Advanced Man or woman wanted by manufacturer to travel and appoint agents for household necessities. Special offer for home work and part time. No capital or experience required. Franklin, 228 Locust St., Philada.

ENERGETIC MEN WANTED

In every locality throughout the United States to advertise our goods, tacking up show-cards on trees, fences and along roads; also distributing small advertising matter. Commission or salary $83 per month and expenses $4 per day. Steady employment; no experience necessary. Write for particulars. Address
Wm. R. Warner Medicine Co., London, Canada

When answering advertisements you will favor the advertiser and the publishers by mentioning The Chicago Ledger.

Little Remus's Idea.

Teacher—Now, Remus, can you tell us why George Washington cut down the cherry tree?

Little Remus—Yessum. Ah spec's der was a possum up in de top.

MORE BOXES OF GOLD

And Many Greenbacks.

325 boxes of Gold and Greenbacks will be sent to persons who write the most interesting and truthful letters of experience on the following topics.

1. How have you been affected by coffee drinking and by changing from coffee to Postum.
2. Give name and account of one or more coffee drinkers who have been hurt by it and have been induced to quit and use Postum.
3. Do you know any one who has been driven away from Postum because it came to the table weak and characterless at the first trial?
4. Did you set such a person right regarding the easy way to make it clear, black, and with a snappy, rich taste?
5. Have you ever found a better way to make it than to use four heaping teaspoonfuls to the pint of water, let stand on stove until real boiling begins, and beginning at that time when actual boiling starts, boil full 15 minutes more to extract the flavor and food value. (A piece of butter the size of a pea will prevent boiling over.) This contest is confined to those who have used Postum prior to the date of this advertisement.

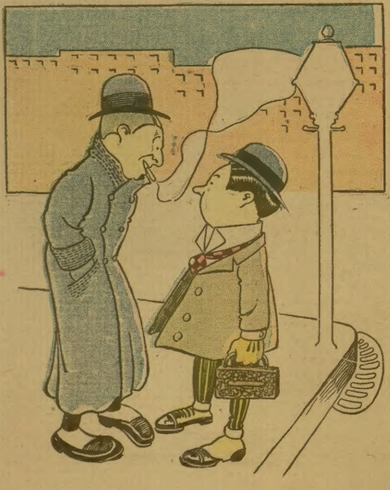
Be honest and truthful, don't write poetry or fanciful letters, just plain, truthful statements.

Contest will close June 1st, 1907, and no letters received after that date will be admitted. Examinations of letters will be made by three judges, not members of the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd. Their decisions will be fair and final, and a neat little box containing a $10 gold piece sent to each of the five writers of the most interesting letters, a box containing a $5 gold piece to each of the 20 next best, a $2 greenback to each of the 100 next best, and a $1 greenback to each of the 200 next best, making cash prizes distributed to 325 persons.

Every friend of Postum is urged to write and each letter will be held in high esteem by the company, as an evidence of such friendship, while the little boxes of gold and envelopes of money will reach many modest writers whose plain and sensible letters contain the facts desired, although the sender may have but small faith in winning at the time of writing.

Talk this subject over with your friends and see how many among you can win prizes. It is a good, honest competition and in the best kind of a cause, and costs the competitors absolutely nothing.

Address your letters to the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., writing your own name and address clearly.



Tom—So you got fired out of that hotel?
Jack—Yes, and after they had told me that it was fireproof.

Out of the Mouths of Babes.

Teacher—Now, Johnny, you may give me the definition of 'exercise.' "

Johnny—Exercise is work what a fellow likes to do because it isn't work.

Teacher—Why, Freddie, this excuse doesn't look like your father's writing.

Freddie—Well, the next one will look more like it, I guess. He says my penmanship is improving.

Mamma—If you had two pennies, Willie, and I was to give you three more, how much would you have?

Willie—Make it dollars, mamma. What's the use of being stingy with make-believe money?

Bunkoed.

"What's old Hiram Hardapple grumbling about now?"

"Why, he sent ten cents to one of them thar earthquake prophets and the chap wrote back that thar would be an earthquake around here in a few days that would tumble down Hiram's house and barn and swallow up Hiram."

"Wal, what's he kicking about? The prediction didn't come true."

"That's just the trouble. Hiram can't get over being bunkoed out of those ten cents."

Closed for the Night.

Sharp Parent (at head of stairs)—Clara! It's time for you to go to bed.

Clara (in the parlor)—Why, pa, Mr. Greene is here!

"Oh! I beg pardon. I though it was Mr. Brown, and I haven't any patience with Mr. Brown. He always kisses you with such loud smacks that it wakes me up. Stay as long as you please, Mr. Greene. You are always welcome.

Mr. Greene—Um!—thank you, but I was just getting ready to go, and I—I promised my chum I'd be back early. Good night.

Mistake of a Lifetime.

Mr. Hardcash (after an elopement from a rural summer resort)—My dear, you told me the night I proposed that your father had retired from business; but I now learn he is a peanut-vender.

She—No, I didn't anything of the sort. You remarked about half-past ten o'clock at night that you supposed my father was in the city immersed in business, and I said he had retired. He always goes to bed at ten.

Slight Jolt.

He—Are you a vegetarian?
She—Oh, no; I love good beef.
He—Ah! I wish I were beef.
She—Well, I like veal, also.

TO WOMEN WHO DREAD MOTHERHOOD

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Pain—Sent Free.

No woman need any longer dread the pains of childbirth; or remain childless. Dr. J. H. Dye has devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proved that all pain at childbirth may be entirely banished, and he will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye, 202 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without pain; also how to cure sterility. Do not delay but write today.

Different Viewpoints.

"She is as ugly as sin," remarked the old gentleman.

"Ugly as sin!" echoed the very young man. "Why, she's as ugly as piety."

Ladies, Preserve Your Youthful Appearance.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results.

Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

Only a Summer Girl.

He—Darling, have you ever loved any other man as much as you do me?

She—No; not in the winter.

He Took Her Umbrella.

But it didn't rain. He would have known if he'd had a Dainty Maid Color Barometer which accurately foretells the weather. A great seller for agents, a good premium and a pretty gift. Postpaid to any address on receipt of price, 10c. W. F. Randolph & Co., 80 Dearborn St., Chicago.

If sympathy could be converted into cash it's doughnuts to fudge there wouldn't be so much of it wasted.

JOLLITY

COFFEE THRESHED HER

15 Long Years.

"For over fifteen years," writes a patient, hopeful little Ills. woman, "while a coffee drinker, I suffered from Spinal Irritation and Nervous trouble. I was treated by good physicians, but did not get much relief.

"I never suspected that coffee might be aggravating my condition. I was downhearted and discouraged, but prayed daily that I might find something to help me.

"Several years ago, while at a friend's house, I drank a cup of Postum and thought I had never tasted anything more delicious.

"From that time on I used Postum instead of Coffee and soon began to improve in health, so that now I can walk half a dozen blocks or more with ease and do many other things that I never thought I would be able to do again in this world.

"My appetite is good, I sleep well and find life is worth living, indeed. A lady of my acquaintance said she did not like Postum, it was so weak and tasteless.

"I explained to her the difference when it is made right—boiled according to directions. She was glad to know this because coffee did not agree with her. Now her folks say they expect to use Postum the rest of their lives." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Great Need.

The stranger in the latest up-to-date theater was puzzled. On the back of each end seat was inscribed 'Reserved for H. F. only."

"What in the world does 'H. F.' stand for?" asked the stranger. "Highest families?"

"Oh, no," hastened the genial manager; " 'H. F.' stands for 'highball fiends.' We place them in the end seats to prevent them from crushing corns, mashing hats and smashing opera glasses when they rush out after each act."

Wondering why all theatres did not space off the highbaal fiends, the stranger passed on.

OUR PRESIDENT

Desires All Readers of The Chicago Ledger to Know They Are Protected By Us in Purchasing Our Goods.

Knowing that the Public have been fooled so often into purchasing impure goods—and inasmuch as we have been in business for over forty-two years and have on our books over 600,000 satisfied customers—that if after you have purchased from us—and have given them a fair trial you are not pleased with them, you can return the goods to us and your money will be cheerfully refunded. This is a fair proposition and it is not our policy to have on our books one dissatisfied customer. We have made whiskey for forty-two years and are the only distillers today that are selling direct to the homes, thereby saving all the middleman's profits for you, that is why we can serve you with the best whiskies made today. Our Registered Distillery No. 2, at Troy, Ohio, covers 4,585,000 square feet of space, distilling capacity of 2,000 bushels a day, equipped with all modern sanitary appliances where we use nothing but the best grain for the manufacture of Pure Whiskies—and every bottle is made under the direct supervision of the U. S. Government—who attest its genuineness by attaching the green stamp over the cork of each bottle.

Remember you buy our goods on the distinct understanding if you are not satisfied your money shall be returned. I want the readers of this paper to know this in advance. Read our ad on page ten. W. M. Hayner, President, The Hayner Distilling Company.

Force of Habit.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Stubb, as she dropped the paper. "An earthquake must be a terrible catastrophe. I wonder what would be my first exclamation if I should be walking along and the street began to sway and the buildings topple?"

"I can tell," laughed Mr. Stubb, from behind his sporting page.

"What, dear?"

" 'Is my hat on straight?' "

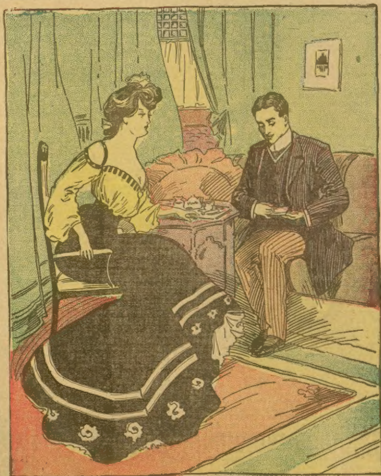
Every Lady Read This.

Years ago when I was a sufferer, an old nurse told me of a wonderful cure for Leucorrhœa, Displacements, Painful Periods, Uterine and Ovarian troubles. It cured me in one month. It is a simple, harmless lotion that can be prepared by any one having the recipe. I will send it free to every suffering sister who writes to me. Address Mrs. A. Hudnut South Bend, Indiana.

Modified.

"One-half the world," remarked the man with the quotation habit, "doesn't know how the other half lives."

"And it may also be stated without puncturing the truth," rejoined the wise guy, "that three-fourths of it doesn't know how it lives itself."

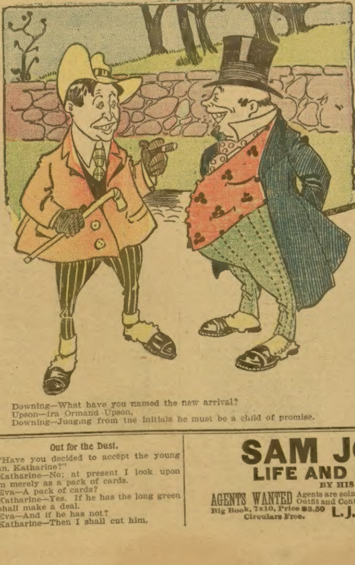


She—I will become engaged to you for two weeks.
He—Make it a week. I don't think my money will last longer than that.

Not a Disbeliever.

"I suppose," remarked the dear girl, "that you do not believe in love at first sight?"

"Oh, yes, I do," rejoined the old bachelor. "If men were gifted with second sight they would never fall in love."



Downing—What have you named the new arrival?
Upson—Ira Ormand Upson.
Downing—Judging from the initials he must be a child of promise.

Out for the Dust.

"Have you decided to accept the young man, Katharine?"

Katharine—No; at present I look upon him merely as a pack of cards.

Eva—A pack of cards?

Katharine—Yes. If he has the long green I shall make a deal.

Eva—And if he has not?

Katharine—Then I shall cut him.

AGENTS WANTED

Nearly all the readers of THE LEDGER will find these advertisements of interest to them. There will be found among them some excellent chances of making money by selling goods to friends, neighbors and others. Those seeking such an opportunity either as a regular or temporary occupation, should write the advertisers whose offers follow.

SWIFTLIT
WORKS LIKE CITY GAS
In Your Home or Store. *No "Bonfire" to start it.*

Lights like a flash with ½ of a match. That's a fact which will cost you only 1 cent a day to realize if you use a "Swiftlit" Lamp. *Think of that.* Radically different from any lamp you ever saw or heard of. *Just like City Gas* and better than a dozen kerosene lamps. Gives from 100 to 500 candle-light power—a penetrating soft light, the best to *read or sell* goods by, or it will *light your whole street front* if hung over outer door.

No alcohol expense or tedious waiting. Acts simply by gravity or pressure feed. *Burners* which fit old lamps supplied cheaply. Thousands of "Swiftlit" Lamps are used by the people of the U. S. We were established in 1868.

You can't afford to be without one. If you can be our Agent in your neighborhood, write for *wholesale price* on specimen "Swiftlit" lamp. Now, don't put it off. Write *today*. Hear by return mail. *Then order if you want to.* You will. PLANET MFG. CO., Dept. 18, ST. LOUIS.

$25 PER WEEK and traveling expenses paid salesmen to sell goods to grocery dealers; experience unnecessary. Purity D. C. Co., Chicago

$41.00 per Week and Expenses to man with rig to introduce our Poultry Goods. Eureka Manufacturing Co., Dept. L, Navasota, Tex.

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES to men with rigs to introduce poultry compound. Year's contract. IMPERIAL MFG. CO., DEPT. 1 PARSONS, KANS.

$36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES TO MEN with rigs to introduce our Poultry Goods. JAVELLE CO., Dept. 29, PARSONS, Kansas

AGENTS WANTED to sell the Celebrated Morris Transparent Handle Pocket Knives. Write for Terms. Morris Cutlery Co., P.O. Box 1, Morris, Ill

SELL TOBACCO and cigars, locally or traveling. Salary or commission, full time or side line. Good pay and promotion. Address Morotock Tobacco Works, Box N 13, Danville, Va.

AGENTS, CREDIT, Perfumes, Flavors, etc. Big profits. Express Paid. Terms Free. Herbene Agency Co., Box 282, Sta'n L, New York

AGENTS PORTRAITS 35c, FRAMES 15c, sheet pictures 1c, stereoscopes 25c, views 1c. 30 days credit. Samples & Catalog Free. Consolidated Portrait Co., 290—30 W. Adams St., Chicago.

PORTRAIT AGENTS send for Free Sample COPY PICTURE MEN'S MAGAZINE. Address LOUIS KOHN, 9 Blue Island Avenue, Chicago

$100 A MONTH and traveling expenses paid men to place Pepto-Protein (for stock and poultry) with dealers. Experience unnecessary. *Expenses advanced.* A. DAREL CO., PARSONS, Kansas.

AGENTS make big money selling our new sign letters for office windows, store fronts, and glass signs. Easily put on. Write today for a free sample and full particulars. Address METALLIC SIGN LETTER CO., 73 N. Clark Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

$80 A MONTH SALARY And all expenses to men with rig to introduce our Guaranteed Poultry and Stock Remedies. Send for contract; we mean business and furnish best reference. G. R. BIGLER CO., X433, Springfield, Ill.

MEN WANTED in every locality throughout the United States with rig or capable of handling horses, to advertise our goods, tacking up show cards in all conspicuous places, and distributing small advertising matter. Commission or salary $90 a month and expenses $3.00 a day. Steady employment to good reliable men. We lay out your work for you. No experience needed. Write for full particulars. EMPIRE MEDICINE COMPANY, London, Ontario, Canada

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8 TOOLS IN ONE
AGENTS WANTED QUICK
FARMERS STAND BY
8 TOOLS IN ONE
Hammer
Hatchet
Screw Driver
Staple Puller
Nail Claw
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Every Farmer Wants One at Sight

One of our agents says he will make $1500 next year. We believe he can. This is the best seller we ever saw. Write for Special Offer and plan to Agents. Make money now. J. B. Foote (Dept. 212) Fdry. Co. Fredericktown, O. *The Great Agents Supply House.*

[Note—We have used the "Eight tools in one" outfit and find it as represented. This advertiser is reliable.—Ed.]

MAGIC BILL BOOK!

An entertaining and useful article. Can be used as any ordinary pocket book. Sample by mail 15c AGENTS WANTED. W. C. WATKINS & CO., Box 1505, Pittsburg, Pa.

LOTS of MAIL

Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? If so, read this advertisement very carefully. You probably know that manufacturers, supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an Agent's Directory List containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. The cost of arranging these names in suitable shape and taking care of them is considerable yet we only ask 10 cents in silver for our trouble. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. Simply enclose 10 cents with your name and address as above stated saying you wish your name inserted in our Agent's Directory List and we will insert it in the next Directory which we are now preparing. AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST, INDIANA, Indiana County, PENNA.

SAM JONES' LIFE AND SAYINGS
BY HIS WIFE
AGENTS WANTED Agents are coining money. Send 50c for Canvassing Outfit and Contract for territory.
Big Book, 7x10, Price $2.50 Circulars Free. **L. J. NICHOLS & CO.,** ATLANTA GA.

Racycle Reasoning

THE Peer of all Bicycles. One turn of the pedal takes you 21 feet—5 feet further than *any* ordinary Bicycle. The *secret* of increased pedal power in the

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lies in its perfectly balanced crank hanger. Runs easier, with less strain on the chain and with less effort than any other Bicycle. A check for $50 or a Racycle is YOURS if you can disprove the figures in the pamphlet, "The Three Reasons," which show that there is 27.9% LESS pressure on Racycle bearings than on any ordinary Bicycle.

We'll send you "THE THREE REASONS" and our 1907 Catalogue for 2c stamp—FREE, if you mention this paper. Secure us an agent and you'll get *your* Racycle cheap.

THE MIAMI CYCLE & MFG. CO
Middletown, Ohio, U.S.A.

$2,000 A YEAR to write at your home, man or woman. Send 50c for sample and certificate outfit. B. C. CARTER, Russellville, Ala.

POST CARDS 24 NICE POST CARDS, different sorts, for only 10 cts. JOHN H. ROWELL, Dept. 46, Tolleston, Ind.

MEN WANTED everywhere to distribute circulars, adv. matter, tack signs, etc. National Distributing Bureau, 96 Oakland Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

PATENTS 48p. book free. Highest refs. Long experience. FITZGERALD & Co., Dept. 3, WASHINGTON, D.C.

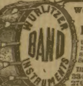
YOUR FORTUNE FREE As told by the stars. Greatest and best. Enclose birth date and stamp. PROF. PAUL DeMIREO, Dept. H, Drawer 1016, Bridgeport, Conn.

SONG-POEMS and music published ON ROYALTY. We write music and popularize! POPULAR MUSIC PUBLISHING CO., 351 Enterprise Bldg., Chicago

ACTING Taught by Correspondence Positions secured when qualified. Booklet on Dramatic Art FREE. Chicago School of Elocution, 285 Chicago Opera House Blk. Chicago.

FREE YOUR FORTUNE TOLD Future and past revealed, surprising, by America's Eminent Philosopher, Astrologer, Clairvoyant. ST. JOHN, 12 Sheldon St., CHICAGO Send birthdate and stamp. Know Thyself

VENTRILOQUISM Learned by any Man or Boy at Home. Small cost. Send today 2-cent stamp for particulars and proof. O. A. SMITH, ROOM 265—2040 KNOXVILLE AVE., PEORIA, ILL.



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THE RUDOLPH WURLITZER CO.
334 E. 4th St. Cincinnati; or,
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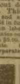
AN OPEN LETTER.

To Whom It May Concern: Are you run down? Has too close attention to business, home duties, worry, sickness or other causes impaired your vital powers? Have you lost your nerve and the energy and vigor of youth? Has life lost its charm? Have you reached the "don't care" period? Are you discouraged with present conditions? Wake up! Listen. Strengthen nature by using our "VITALIZER No. 150"; a potent nerve tonic in tablet form which will restore your natural powers without doing injury, as it is not a temporary stimulant. This is the formula of a celebrated physician, long and successfully used. We recently obtained it and offer it in full confidence of its efficacy. Formula is printed in full on labels. Positively not a "dope" or "fake" remedy. We guarantee our tablets. Price by mail $1.00. Six bottles (one order) $5.00. Correspondence confidential. Circular free. Sample 25 cents. CO-OPERATIVE CHEMICAL & DRUG COMPANY, (Incorporated) 47 East Bank Street, Newark, N. J



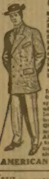
MEN ONLY

CACTUS CREAM CURES DEBILITY. RESTORES VITALITY. BANISHES WEAKNESS.

Renews sprightliness and vigor.

Cactus Cream is an outwardly applied salve. Has only to be gently rubbed in to benefit. *One application positively proves its value. Makes weak men strong and strong men stronger.* This is the original and only Cactus Cream, and is sent to all parts of the world. $1.00 a box. Sealed sample 10c, silver. *"Your money back if it fails to benefit."*

C. B. PERRY PRO. CO., LYNBROOK, New York



Great Suit Offer

JUST WRITE US and we will send you absolutely FREE, by return mail, postpaid, a large outfit containing a big variety of cloth samples, fashion figures, tape measure, order blanks, etc., everything FREE, and WE WILL START YOU IN A PAYING BUSINESS. A most liberal offer on a suit for yourself that will make you wonder. Terms, conditions, and privileges that will astonish you. We will name you so much lower prices on men's fine clothing that it will surprise you.

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in your town. You can make from $1,000 to $2,000 per year. If you write us before we get an agent in your town you will get a wonderful offer. As soon as we get an agent in your town he will get profits on every dollar we sell in his territory. WE TURN ALL OUR BUSINESS OVER TO HIM. That's why our agents make so much money. If you want a suit for yourself ANSWER QUICK, before we get an agent in your town; you will then get all of our great inducements. If you would like to be our agent tell us all about yourself. Address, Dept. B

AMERICAN WOOLEN MILLS CO., Chicago, Ill.

When answering advertisements you will favor the advertiser and the publishers by mentioning The Chicago Ledger.

TICKETED FOR THE GALLOWS;

OR,

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN'S REVENGE.

By the Author of "Bricked Up Alive."

[Copyright by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 8, Feb. 23. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

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CHAPTER VII.

DEATH IN THE RING.

Nick could not imagine which one of his men had gained entrance to the house. He believed Dick to be in some city hospital, suffering from wounds received that night. He had been certain that he was working the case alone.

However, he could not leave his present position. There was murder in the cruel eyes of the Cuban girl.

The noises below continued, and the girl went to the head of the staircase and looked down.

"Are they murdering the servant?" she asked, turning to Bella.

Without making reply, Bella pointed to the dresser.

"Your jewels," she cried. "Your maid has taken them. No one but a woman would attempt to conceal the fact that a search had been made. Require her to deliver them to you."

Mary shook her head.

"I wish I had them," she said. "In that case you might cut my head off before you would get your nasty hands on them."

"You are brave!" cried the Cuban, with a sneer. "Wait until the lower part of the house is quieted down. Then we shall see who has the jewels. Look!" she cried, turning a flushed and angry face toward Miss Mapes. "Look you! A year have I sought the gems. I served in the house of your uncle in Cuba. Carlo and I. Bah! A year is too short a time to serve for such a reward! I come to this land because the jewels are sent here. See you! They are not at the Hamilton house. They are here. Oh, he was wise to get them out of Cuba before he died! You know all that I did."

"You are a devil!" cried Mary. "I shall call the police and have you taken back to jail. Oh, you—you viper!"

"It is not of the fashion to say coarse things," replied Bella, with a sneer. "I came for the jewels. Produce them."

The detective, standing close at the door of the adjoining room, peering through a slight hole he had made in a panel, saw the Cuban lift her pistol again. She was angry enough at the disappearance of the jewels to do murder.

Ralph, who had witnessed the scene without speaking, and who had been ignored in the excitement of the moment, stepped forward.

"Wait!" he said. "There has been enough murder. Your jewels are not here."

The Cuban's eyes flashed at the young man's words.

"Perhaps you have them hidden," she said.

"At least they are not on my person," was the reply. "Your thugs would have seen to that."

"How do you come here?" demanded Bella. "Why is your face so full of blood? You have been in a street fight, like the old times when you drank too much?"

"Your murderers captured me in the back parlor, where I was waiting for Annie," was the reply.

"In that case you would not be alive now," said Bella. "We have not touched you. We know not of your presence in the house."

"Then there are two sets of thieves here," said Annie. "Mary, can you get past that creature and summon the police?"

"Why did you kill de Romez?" asked Ralph.

Bella shrugged her pretty shoulders.

"You presume," she said.

"And why did you place me by his side? Did you think I would not be able to establish my innocence of the murder?"

The pretty Cuban did not reply. Again her attention was attracted to the lower part of the house. Again that low hiss came to her ears. Some of her friends were trying to warn her. She turned from Ralph and moved toward the doorway.

Nick drew out a large handkerchief and removed the glass stopper from a phial of chloroform. Now was the time to secure this dangerous woman.

As Bella turned to the staircase her back was for an instant toward the detective. Ralph and Annie and her maid were huddled together at the back of the room Bella had just left.

Nick sprang forward. There was a struggle, but in a moment the unconscious form of the woman was carried into the room occupied by the detective.

Then Nick rapped on the door connecting with Annie's room and called to Ralph. It required no little explanation to convince Ralph and the girls that Nick Power was really in the house. As soon as they were certain of his protection the girls well-nigh collapsed from nervous shock and Ralph took on new courage.

"I thought they had me," said the latter. "I came here a little after 10 o'clock to consult with Annie and found her away. I sat down in the parlor to await her return. Then, one after another, all the people in the house were called away on one pretext or another. The thugs seemed to have planned an hour alone in the house."

"Did you catch a glimpse of your assailant?" asked Nick.

"I did not," was the reply. "I was called to the door of the back parlor and struck down from behind. I heard one of the men who had a hand in the affair saying that I was dead. Now, what is the meaning of it all?"

"Have you a revolver?" asked Nick, not answering the question.

"I had one, but it was taken from me."

"Well, I have two. You would better take one of them. While we have been mooning here something has been going on downstairs. Did the men who attacked you come to this floor?"

"I think not. They seemed to be waiting for others to come."

Each holding a revolver ready for use, the two men moved down the rear staircase, which terminated in a little passage between the dining room and the kitchen. The passage was dark, and there were no sounds of human activity in either of the rooms mentioned.

Still as the house seemed, however, Nick knew that there were at least five persons somewhere in the dark room, waiting for each other to show themselves. First, there was a detective from his own office. He had sent no one there, but the call he had heard proclaimed the fact of his presence.

Then there were the Spaniard whom the detective had seen with Annie and the man who had accompanied him to the house. In addition to these were the two men who had attacked Ralph Hamilton. The jewels were in the possession of one of the men. There was no doubt of that.

Nick had paid little attention to the shooting he had heard in the lower part of the house only because he had been kept busy by the events in progress in his immediate vicinity. Besides, he had come to the place to effect the capture of the Cuban woman if possible and that was the first consideration. Now that this had been accomplished, he turned to the recovery of the jewels and the detection of those who had entered the house for the purpose of robbery.

The first thing was to learn where his assistant was, for it was necessary that they should work together. Standing in the dark passage the detective gave a low call which he knew would be understood by any member of his force within hearing. It was answered immediately, but not from the house. The return call came from the garden at the rear.

"This accounts for the shooting," thought Nick. "My man has been keeping the thieves inside the house. Clever idea, that, but why the mischief didn't they get out by the front way, or by a window? And why is it that the shots have not attracted the attention of the police?"

Both questions were satisfactorily answered before many minutes had passed.

While Nick waited for some of the men he knew to be hiding in the house to in some manner make their whereabouts known, there came a quick step at the rear, a door was opened and closed, and then a light flared up in the kitchen.

"It is the coachman," said Ralph, looking through the small opening. "He is after his after-theater luncheon."

"He may get one composed of lead," whispered Nick. "Look there!"

As the detective spoke the coachman walked to a corner of the kitchen, bent over something lying there and presently returned to the table with a large chamois-skin bag in his hand.

"The jewels!" whispered Ralph. "How did they come there?"

Watched by at least half a dozen pairs of eyes the coachman sat down at the table and, thrusting his hand into the bag, brought forth a handful of glittering gems, dia-

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BOTTLED IN BOND
THE HAYNER DISTILLING COMPANY

"The Whiskey Without a Fault"

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Is on every bottle of Hayner Bottled in Bond Whiskey

When you buy Hayner Whiskey you not only have our assurance of its purity, but it is backed by Uncle Sam's guarantee, which no one can doubt. With all this assurance as to quality, quantity, age and purity, the price is only $3.20 for four full quarts, Express Prepaid, which is much less than you pay for inferior grades from your dealer.

We are operating one of the largest and most modern Distilleries in the United States.

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From the minute the grain enters our Distillery — through the entire process of manufacture — drawing off the whiskey into Charred Oak Barrels — during the years it is ageing in the warehouses — while it is being put into the bottles and ready for shipment— **Hayner Whiskey** is under the direct supervision of the United States Government, and by the green stamp over the cork **Uncle Sam** guarantees age, purity, strength, full measure.

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saving you ALL the profits of the dealers and giving you the highest grade bottled-in-bond whiskey at the distiller's price—$3.20 for four full large size quart bottles.

Goods are shipped in plain sealed case with no marks to indicate contents **and we pay the express charges.** When the whiskey arrives, open one, two or all of the bottles and give it a good, fair trial. If not perfectly satisfactory, return it at our expense and your money will be promptly refunded. *You don't risk a cent.*

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ORDER TODAY Address your letter to our nearest shipping depot.

THE HAYNER DISTILLING COMPANY, Div. 817
Dayton, Ohio St. Louis, Mo. St. Paul, Minn. Atlanta, Ga.
139 ESTABLISHED 1866 CAPITAL $500,000.00 PAID IN FULL.

monds predominating. He opened his eyes wide at the sight.

In a moment he arose and started toward the passage in which the detective and Ralph were in hiding. His purpose evidently was to carry them upstairs to his mistress.

Before he reached the door, however, the Spaniard stepped forward and confronted him. The fellow had been hiding in the dining room, where his confederate was probably in waiting.

Nick waited with no little impatience to see what line of action the fellow would adopt. The Spaniard, of course, did not know that the detective was watching him, but he doubtless understood that the man who had fired from the garden and the man who had removed the jewels from An- [illegible] watching him with keen [illegible] his line of [illegible] least.

"Where are you going?" asked the Spaniard, as the coachman moved toward the stair door. "And what are you doing with those diamonds?"

"Taking them to me [illegible] was the reply.

"That's too thin, my friend," said the Spaniard. "The jewels were stolen, and you [illegible] account for having them in your possession."

The coachman looked at the Spaniard [illegible] wide-open [illegible] nudged the detective with h[illegible]

"Wait" [illegible] "There will be something doing presently."

The coachman pushed toward the door leading to the staircase. The Spaniard threw his hand tow[illegible] Then something did happen. The [illegible] man, who was an ex-London [illegible] struck out and the Spaniard dropped to the floor like one shot through the heart.

Ralph sprang forward, as if to grasp the jewels, but Nick restrained him.

The coachman stood for a moment looking at his fallen opponent and turned back to the table. First he seated himself comfortably in a rocking chair and next he poured the contents of the bag out upon the table, where they glistened and sparkled in a manner calculated to tempt even an honest man.

"Stolen, eh?" mused the coachman. "Then no one knows where they are. One or two of these would take me back to Lonnon an' a public 'ouse. W'ere's the 'arm, hanyway? T'ey'll not be missed."

"I wouldn't have believed it of him," whispered Ralph. "It seems that all men are thieves when opportunity offers."

"Here's another act on," said Nick. "This fellow belongs to the other bunch, I take it."

The person referred to stood facing the coachman with a revolver almost touching the tip of that gentleman's nose.

The coachman dropped the bag and sat with uplifted hands.

"The 'ouse is full of 'em tonight!" he muttered.

In a moment another person appeared, also alert and armed. He stepped to the table and faced the door opening into the kitchen.

"Put the things in the bag," he said, addressing the other.

"Don't let them get off with them!" said Ralph, as Nick stood watching the jewels falling into the bag.

"They can't get away," was the reply. "There is one more to show up. The Spaniard brought a man with him. Where is he? It looks to me as if he would begin shooting in a moment."

But he did not. His whereabouts were accounted for a moment later. As the man, under the protection of his mate's revolver, dropped the jewels into the bag he came upon a ring of rare workmanship.

"That's mighty fine," he said. "I wonder where that came from?"

"Hurry!" cried the other. "Don't lose a second. You know what to do when they are all in. Keep to the right."

"So that's the game," mused Nick. Then he turned to Ralph. "If the light goes out," he began.

The sentence was never finished. The light did go out, leaving the kitchen in darkness. There was a scuffle and a shot and Nick dashed out of his hiding place and turned on the light again. The man who had held the bag of jewels lay writhing on the door. His companion was fighting desperately for freedom just outside the open window. The coachman stood looking at the scene like a man gone mad.

The struggles of the man on the floor ceased. A green foam appea[illegible] In a minute he was dead. Nick be[illegible] him and lifted a hand.

The ring he had been examining had been slipped on his finger as the light went out. A tiny speck of blood appeared at the inner edge of the ring.

"He did not know that there was death in the ring," said the detective, laying the arm down upon the floor and turning to the window.

CHAPTER VIII

THE END OF THE CHASE

As the detective turned to the window he saw that the man outside fighting with the thug who had shut off the li[illegible] made a break to leave the hous[illegible] whom he had left unconscious [illegible] before. The assistant looked li[illegible] for his flight from the machi[illegible] looked he drew forth a pair of handcuffs and placed them on the wrists of the thug.

"That accounts for all the intruders save one," said Nick. "Quite a merry time they had here tonight. I wonder if the fellow who came with the Spaniard took to his heels?"

"I think he is hurt," said Dick. "At the time a shot was fired some moments ago I heard a groan in there. Look at the far end of the dining room."

The coachman now arose from his chair and moved toward the dining room.

"Give me a show at the bloomin' oaf wot shoved the gun under me nose," he said.

Nick motioned him back.

"If you want to be of assistance," he said, "go upstairs to Miss Annie's room and tell the girls that the game is out and the jewels safe. And you might take a look at Bella. She may have got too much chloroform."

The coachman departed and Nick hastened to the dining room. There, in a distant corner, lay the figure of a man, stained with blood and groaning with pain.

"This accounts for the lot, both lots," said the detective.

The eyes of the wounded man glared like those of a wild animal caught in a trap. He had been shot in the back and his arms and legs appeared to be paralyzed. He motioned for Nick to bend over him.

"Speak quick," said the detective. "You haven't got long to talk in. Yes, the all captured," this in answer to an appe[illegible] ing look in the fellow's face.

Then the dying man began to talk, slowly and painfully, but what he said was of the greatest importance.

"You are right," he said, after a time. "I haven't got long to stay here, but the hangman need not prepare for me, for all that. Can you reach in my right vest pocket? That cursed bullet fixed me, all right. That's well. Now hand me the ring you will find there. That's it. It is just a matter of sentiment, but I'd like to die with it on my finger. Will you slip it on?"

Nick examined the ring. It was a duplicate of the one w[illegible] the jewel bag, and which had caused the death of the thug. It was evidently the intention of the fellow to commit suicide.

"You needn't use the ring," [illegible] detective. "Your finish is in sight."

There now came a commotion on the stairs, and Nick hastened to the little passage. What he saw was the coachman marching the Cuban woman down the stairs. He walked behind her, with both of her wrists held in one powerful hand, her arms being forced backward. The woman was giving vent to a volley of Spanish oaths.

"Keep calm, me beauty," the coachman was saying. "We're next to your game. Come down and see what you've done; come an' look on the dead an' wounded. I got up there just in time," he added, turning to Nick. "She was makin' a bounce for freedom. The girls is most scared out of their wits."

The woman glared viciously at the detective. Arrived in the kitchen she spurned the dead body with her feet. She clawed spitefully at the Spaniard, still unconscious from the coachman's knockout blow. Nick opened the dining room door and pointed to the dying man.

"Here is more of your work," he said. "Shall I give him the ring? He seemes to dread appearing in court."

As he spoke the detective slipped a pair of handcuffs on the girl's wrists and placed a chair for her.

"You fool! You fool!" cried the angry woman. "You have no case! Why don't you let me go? I have done no harm to you."

She eyed Ralph with a dangerous look on her face.

"You may thank him," she said, nodding toward Nick. "You have luck in this city Always a fool for luck. Is it not so?"

The Span[illegible] began to move un[illegible] about, fina[illegible] showing a bru[illegible] face. He [illegible] t of the Cuban woman the first thing.

"They have you trussed like a bird, eh?" he said with a sne[illegible] "That is well. You are poison to the touch. Where is the ring with which you murdered de [illegible]

The woman shook her head scornfully.

"Always a fool!" she cried [illegible] about de Rome.

The Spaniard glared at the woman.

"You'll get yours this time," he [illegible] a pretty trick, the trick with th[illegible] Where is the mate to the ring you [illegible]

The woman snarled out some reply, but Nick made no answer.

"I have it in my pocket," he said. "That dying man in there wanted to use it. It may be better than the scaffold, at that. The other ring," he added, turning to Bella, "is there, on the finger of the man killed."

"Impossible!" cried the woman. "It was with the jewels."

"Of course," said Nick. "It was with the jewels because you placed it there hoping that Miss Annie would come to her death by it. That was clever, don't you think? Only you should not have crowded her so [illegible]

"Y[illegible] rings," shouted the woman.

"Do you want the story?" asked Nick. "Here it is: While in Cuba you be[illegible] acquainted with Hamilton, who died recently, leaving Annie these jewels. [illegible] planned to steal the jewels, but they had been sent out of the country. You believed that they were in New York, and you went there, securing a position with the brother of the man who had owned the jewels.

"They were not there, but you made use of your time by falling in love with Ralph Hamilton, the nephew of the Cuban capi[illegible] You thought that perhaps he might [illegible] the jewels. After a time you came on here, where the jewels really were. You planned the murder of Annie, but did not [illegible] You were arrested, but managed [illegible]

Nick took from his pocket the cig[illegible] he had taken from Ralph and handed it to the Spaniard, who lit it and sat back with a look of contentment on his face.

"The first thing you did when you got out of jail was to renew the search for the jewels. But in your search you discovered that a man who had been your friend in Cuba was also after them. I refer to de [illegible] You met him as a friend and mur[illegible] him with a touch of the ring I hold [illegible]

[illegible] in a carriage on [illegible] street on the forenoon of the 15th. But before that you had caused one of your familiars who has not shown up yet to pick Ralph's pocket of his cigar case and drug his cigars. You had him watched so you would be not far off when he lit one of the doped weeds. He lit it at the Palmer [illegible] on the evening of the 15th.

As he walked down the street he was met at the Madison crossing by a cab. Here he succumbed to the influence of the drug. Then the devil seems to have taken possession of you. You decided to take the dead man and the unconscious man to I[illegible]

(Continued on page fourteen.)

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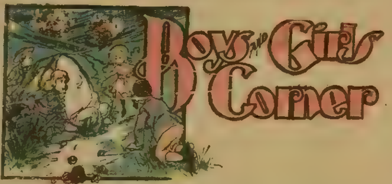

A MILLION-DOLLAR STRIKE;

Or, The Luckiest Boy in the World.

By CAPTAIN S. A. D. COX.

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CHAPTER I.

ROY DECIDES TO GO OUT WEST.

"Why, Roy, what brings you home at this time of the day?"

"I'm out of a job, mother."

"What! You don't mean it, Roy?"

"Yes."

"How was that, my son?"

"Don't need me, the foreman said. They let out about a dozen of the boys."

"That is too bad."

"Yes, so it is."

It was about the middle of the forenoon, of a day in late summer, in New York City, and Roy Wells, a handsome, manly-looking youth of perhaps eighteen years, had entered one of the three rooms occupied by his mother, sister Katie and himself, and had been greeted as above.

Roy had been working in a factory over in Brooklyn, and received six dollars a week, which with the money earned by his mother, who did plain sewing, made them able to live in a fairly comfortable manner. Katie, only fifteen years old, was going to school.

Mrs. Wells was a widow, her husband having died six years before the date of the opening of this story, and she had worked bravely, and so far they had gotten along very well, Roy having been a good worker.

Mrs. Wells gazed thoughtfully at the boy, and then said, as cheerfully as was possible:

"You must go out and get another job somewhere, Roy."

The youth looked soberly and thoughtfully at the floor, at the wall, and finally at his mother, who was watching him wonderingly, his present actions being so different from those customary to him. As a rule, he was full of life and spirits and nothing ever seemed to daunt him; hence she could not just understand his present mood.

"Say, mother," said Roy, and he stopped.

"Well?" looking at him inquiringly. "You have something on your mind, Roy; now tell what it is."

"Mother, I'm eighteen years old, am I not?" queried Roy, with seeming irrelevancy.

"Yes, my son."

"And I've been earning six dollars a week!" There was something of scorn and disgust in the youth's tones as he said this.

"Yes, but that isn't bad, Roy."

"For an eighteen-year-old?"

"Well, there are some boys of that age who earn more, possibly; but there are a greater number who do not."

"Possibly—here in New York."

Roy said this so significantly that Mrs. Wells gave him a quick, searching, almost startled glance.

"What do you mean, Roy?" she asked, a note of alarm in her tones.

"I mean, mother, that there is not much hope for a boy in New York, and that——"

"You are not wanting to leave here!—to go away," broke in his mother, paling.

"Yes, mother, I am," replied Roy, soberly. "As I was saying, there isn't much chance for a poor boy in New York. I have been getting only six dollars a week, and me eighteen years old, and I have lost even that job."

"But you can get another," eagerly. "You're a good, steady boy, Roy, and you won't have to be out of a place long."

"I know, mother; that is true, of course, but even so, what have I to look forward to? The best that I can hope for, ever, to my way of thinking, is a clerkship or something of that sort, in a store, at about twelve dollars a week—and, mother, I don't want to go through life in that capacity. I want to be something more than a mere, living, breathing automaton."

"Why, Roy, whatever has given you such ideas? I didn't know——"

"I want to be my own boss, mother, to work for myself," said Roy, quietly, but with a sparkle in his eyes. "And that is something I cannot hope to be, if I stay in New York."

"But, where would you go, son?"

"Out West, mother."

"Out West! Oh, Roy! You would be killed by Indians, or——"

"There are no wild Indians, these days, mother. There is no danger, at all—not as much as there is right here in New York."

"I am not so sure of that, Roy," with a shake of the head. "But, what particular part of the West do you wish to go to? Have you gotten so far as to figure that out?"

"Yes, mother. I want to go to the Cripple Creek mining region of Colorado. There is a big boom on there, now, and a young fellow like me would have a chance to make a strike."

"Make a strike?"

"Yes—strike it rich, prospecting for gold, silver or other precious ores. That's the way Cripple Creek was brought into being, you know, mother. Stratton, a prospector, discovered the rich ore, at that point, and staked out his claims, and now Cripple Creek is a mining town of several thousand population, and Stratton is rich, while the town is flourishing, everybody having plenty of money. That's the place for me, mother."

"But, it must be a rough place, Roy! The miners and others there, must be rough and dangerous—rude, wild, drinking men, who quarrel and fight, and shoot one another on the least provocation!"

Roy shook his head.

"I don't believe that," he declared. "Of course, there are some dangerous men there, wild, desperate characters that are attracted there in the hope of getting hold of some of the money by theft or robbery, but the majority, while they may be rough, are no doubt honest, honorable men, who are seeking for fortunes in order that they may go back to loved ones in the East, or elsewhere, and take money enough to enable them to live in ease and comfort the rest of their days."

"Perhaps, Roy; but—I don't see how we can spare you, Katie and I."

"You'll get along all right, mother. You have lived here all your life, and have many friends among the neighbors, and you and Sis will be all right."

"Yes, we'll be safe enough, but—what about the six dollars per week that won't be coming into the family till, Roy, after you are gone?"

"Well, you see, mother, I won't be here to eat, and so you won't need so much, for just you and Sis. But, I'll send you money from Colorado," confidently. "I'm going to make my fortune out there, mother!" his eyes shining. "I'm going to make a million-dollar strike, or know the reason why!"

Mrs. Wells smiled sadly, and then sighed.

"It is easy to dream of riches, Roy," she said; "but when you get out there, I am afraid that you will find the reality is far from what your imagination has pictured. I'm afraid that you will not be able to make any more money than you can make here, if as much."

"I'll risk it," smilingly. "I'll make more money than I can ever hope to make here, mother. There is a chance for a fellow, out there, and I want to try my luck."

"But, you have no money with which to get out there, Roy."

"I have twenty dollars, mother."

"But that won't pay your carfare to Colorado."

"No, and I don't expect to spend it for railroad tickets, either," with a smile. "I'll need some money after I get there, you know."

"But how will you get there, my son?"

"I'll ride on the train, mother—on the San Francisco Limited that leaves here every Wednesday."

"But—I don't understand," looking mystified.

"I'll explain. I have a friend, mother, Joe Saunders; you've heard me speak of him. He's the candy butcher on the San Francisco Limited, and he'll deadhead me through to Colorado, if I ask him to."

"'Candy butcher'?"

"Yes—he sells books, magazines and candy to the passengers, you know."

"Oh, yes; but, can he take you through, free, Roy?"

"Yes; he told me he could."

"I don't see how he could do it, Roy."

"He said he would tell the conductor I am his cousin, and that it would be all right, as the conductor is a friend of his."

"Well, that will be good of him; and," brightening up, "if you should fail to make any money and want to come back home, you could do so at any time, couldn't you?"

"Yes," with a smile; "but I'm not coming home in the baggage car, mother; I'm going to come home in a Pullman."

Mrs. Wells smiled, but feebly.

"I hope that your dream may be realized, Roy," she said.

"Then I'm to go, mother?" eagerly.

"I guess I shall have to give my consent, Roy; for I see that you will not be satis-

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fied to remain here, now that you have gotten the idea into your head."

"You're the best mother any boy ever had!" exclaimed Roy, and then he threw his arms around his mother's neck and hugged and kissed her.

When Katie came home from school and was told that Roy was going to go to Colorado to seek his fortune in the mines, she was amazed, and was saddened by the thought that her brother was going so far away; but he talked so glowingly and so confidently of the "strike" that he was going to make, and how he would come home and buy them a home on Fifth avenue and have servants, automobiles, etc., that she soon brightened up and became almost as enthusiastic as Roy himself.

This was on Monday, and Roy said he wanted to go the coming Wednesday.

"I'll go and see Joe Saunders tomorrow," he said. "He gets in from the West, this evening, and will be laying in his stock for the return run, tomorrow."

Next day Roy went and saw Joe Saunders, and when he got back home, his face was wreathed in smiles.

"You were successful?" queried his mother.

"Yes, mother; I saw Joe, and he was delighted. I'm to go out with him Wednesday at ten o'clock."

CHAPTER II.

TRAIN ROBBERS.

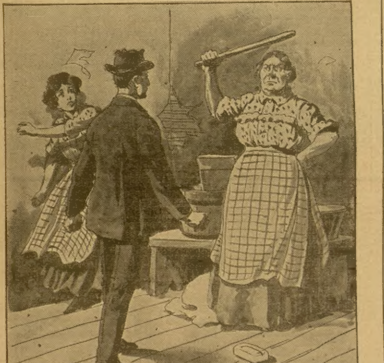
When the ten o'clock Limited, for San Francisco, pulled out of the station at Jersey City, Wednesday at ten o'clock, Roy Wells was in the baggage car, seated on the trunk containing Joe Saunders' supply of books and magazines.

Joe, a red-headed, sandy-complexioned youth of nineteen years, was filling some baskets with fruits of various kinds, from another chest, and was talking at a great rate at the same time.

"We're off," he said, as the train started to move. "You're en route for Cripple Creek, Roy."

"Good!" cried Roy, his eyes shining. "I'm glad of it!"

"I hope you'll strike it rich, out there, old fellow."



"An' what's more, I'll beat ye with et."

"I'm going to, Joe," grimly. "I'm going to make a million!"

Joe laughed.

"Make it half a million, can't you, old man?" he bantered.

"No, not a dollar less than a million will satisfy me," with a smile.

"You're harder to satisfy than I would be, then," with a chuckle. "A couple of hundred thousand would look good to me."

"Oh, when you go in for a fortune, go in for a good one, Joe," with a smile. "I can't consider anytning less than a million."

"All right; it's your say-so."

The train rolled onward, and the boys conversed for an hour or more, and then Joe took up one of the baskets of fruit and made the trip through the train and back again.

"I'm going to do pretty well, this trip," he said. "There's a buying crowd aboard."

"You can tell, just from making the rounds once!" exclaimed Roy, in surprise.

"Yes; that's all I need, just one trip, in order to size them up. And this crowd we have with us is on the buy. I'll have empty chests when I get to 'Frisco."

"I'm glad of that."

A little later the conductor entered the baggage car, and he looked at Roy in some surprise; then he turned an inquiring gaze on Joe.

"My cousin, Roy Wells," said Joe, in an off-hand manner. "He's going with me, this trip, to keep me company—that is as far as Colorado. He has an uncle out there, and is going to stop with him a while, and then come back with me on one of my trips East."

"Ah, yes; well, all right, Joe. It's against the rules, you know, but you're a good boy and have done me some favors, and seeing as it's you, I'll pass your cousin."

"Thank you, Conny."

The trip over the Alleghenies, and across the great central valley, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois was full of interest to Roy, though Joe had seen the country so often that it did not appeal to him; he was too busy, anyway, extracting the nickels and dimes from the pockets of the passengers, to look at scenery. It was business with him, every time, as he himself expressed it.

"This isn't a bad business, Roy," he said; "and if you fail of making your million-dollar 'strike', why, I'll get you a run as candy butcher."

"All right," with a laugh. "But, I don't think I'll have to ask you to do that for me, old fellow."

"Well, I hope that you won't, for I want you to strike it rich, my boy."

The Mississippi River was crossed, and then onward dashed the train, through Missouri, across Kansas, and up toward the foothills of the Rockies, in Colorado.

Pueblo was reached in the evening, and Joe said to Roy:

"It is only about sixty miles to Canon City, and that is where you had better get off, as it is the nearest point to Cripple Creek."

"All right, Joe. Jove, I shall hate to leave you, old fellow!"

"Oh, well; I'll pick you up any Friday evening at six o'clock, that you happen to be at the station at Canon City."

"That will make me feel as if I am not in the Wild West wholly without friends," said Roy.

Half an hour later, the train came to a stop within the space of its length, and Roy and Joe were almost upset.

Then there came the sounds of gruff voices, followed by pistol-shots.

"Train-robbers!" exclaimed Joe.

"Do you think so?" gasped Roy.

"Yes; and they'll try to rob the express car. That's where the big money is to be found."

"Let's go in and help Mack fight them!" cried Roy, eagerly. He had made the acquaintance of the express messenger, a big, good-natured fellow named McGowen, and his first thought was to render his assistance.

Joe liked big Mack, too, and after a moment of hesitation, exclaimed:

"All right; come along!"

They hastened through the baggage car, and out onto the platform, and Joe knocked on the door. Roy was watching at the sides, for they expected that at any moment they would see some of the train-robbers appear.

"Who's there?" came in McGowan's voice, steady and firm.

"It's Joe and Roy," replied the candy butcher. "We want to come in and help you fight the robbers!"

The door was opened a moment later, and the two hastily entered, just as some men with masks on their faces appeared and started to climb onto the platform.

"There they are!" gasped Roy.

Slam! went the door, and the bolts were shot into place, and the big iron bar was put across the door.

"I'm much obliged to you, boys," said Mack. "I'm glad of your company, and you may be able to render me considerable assistance; but I am afraid that you have gotten yourselves into a dangerous place."

"That's all right, Mack," said Joe. "Just give us some weapons, and we'll help you all we can."

"That's right; we'll stand by you to the last," said Roy, grimly.

"There are weapons," pointing to a box, on which lay half a dozen big six-shooters. "Help yourselves."

They did so, each taking two revolvers.

"You watch this door, Roy," said the messenger, "and you go to the other end of the car and watch that one, Joe. I'll stand guard over the side doors."

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"All right," replied the youths in unison, and they took up the positions indicated.

"If they break through the doors, shoot, and shoot to kill!" said McGowen.

"We will!" came in unison, in grim accents.

Just then, thump, thump, thump! sounded against the door over which Roy was standing guard.

"What is wanted?" called out McGowen.

"Open the door, or we'll smash it in!" came the savage reply. "Open up—and do it quick!"

The messenger made no reply.

"Are you going to open the door?" came after a few moments.

"Not on your life!" was the spirited reply.

"Then down goes the door!"

"All right; when you get it down, let me know."

"We'll get it down, all right," came the reply. "Bill, bring that stick of dynamite."

"Great guns! they're going to blow it open with dynamite!" exclaimed McGowen. "Come away from there, Roy!"

Roy joined the messenger, near the center of the car.

"I guess we had better go back to the other end, where Joe is," said McGowen. "That dynamite is bad stuff; and the safe is back there, anyway."

They joined Joe, and then the three stood there, with their faces toward the farther end of the car, awaiting the shock of the explosion which they were sure would soon come.

"When the door goes down, and the scoundrels start to enter, open fire," instructed the messenger; "and shoot to kill! They are desperadoes with a price on their heads, and if we kill some of them, we will be doing the country a service."

"All right," the youths replied.

A few moments later there was a thunderous report at the farther end of the car, and the door was torn from its hinges, and the bolts and cross-bar from their sockets. The shock was so great that the three at the other end of the car were nearly thrown from their feet.

McGowen had extinguished the lights, so they might see without being seen, and in about ten seconds after the explosion half a dozen masked men, with revolvers in their hands, and one or two with dark lanterns, appeared at the opening that had been so ruthlessly wrought.

"Give it to them!" cried McGowen.

Then the three opened fire.

This fine story of boyhood adventure and pluck will be continued in the Ledger of next week. If you are not already a subscriber we strongly urge you to send in your subscription and get the remainder of this captivating story and other masterpieces that are about to appear in these pages. Boys and girls may desire our free stereoscopes, as announced on page thirteen, and women should subscribe and receive our free patterns in all the new winter and spring styles, as advertised on page fifteen of this paper.

Ticketed for the Gallows.

(Continued from page eleven.)

coln Park, mutilate them with a knife and leave them in such shape that Ralph would be arrested and perhaps hanged for murder. The knife which you threw in the thicket, the one bearing Ralph's name, was one secured by you in New York, when you lived with his mother. It is needless to say that he did not recognize the knife."

"Likely that a cigar would knock a man out so he would not awake until morning, even if hacked with a knife."

The Cuban woman smiled scornfully.

"Likely that murder would be committed in a carriage in State street. You have more guesses coming," she added.

"If you think it strange that a cigar should have such an effect, perhaps you had better take notice of our friend the Spaniard."

All eyes were at once directed to the man who sat in a chair smoking the cigar he had been given by the detective. It was seen that his eyes were slowly closing.

"What is this?" he muttered. "I sleep! It is the work of the cigar. Bah!"

He attempted to rise from his chair, but fell back in a sound sleep.

"That is the shape you were in," said Nick, turning to Ralph, "when they took you to Lincoln Park and laid you by the side of the man who had been murdered."

"How long will it last?" asked Ralph.

"For hours," was the reply, "unless an antidote is given. In your case they did not see fit to give you an antidote, but we will do so here as soon as we get the fellow safely locked up."

"Who put the jewels on the floor?" demanded the coachman. "Nice place that for such property!"

"It was doubtless dropped there when the scuffling began," said Nick. "The people in the house were afraid of each other. That is why they did not make off when the man outside did the shooting. The ones who had stolen the jewels had lost sight of them, and the others were watching to get their hands on them. Even if they had made a rush they could not have left the house, for the firing did attract the attention of the police. If you look out of the window you will see blue uniforms there."

"You might do well reading the palm," sneered the Cuban woman.

"It is all clear enough," replied Nick. "Beside, the man who has just died in the dining room made a confession not long ago. He said that you gave him the ring, hoping that he would kill himself, but that he learned the secret of the poisoned needle and handled it carefully. You claimed to be his friend as well as the friend of de Romez and the Spaniard who lies there.

"But it is too long a story to tell here. The man who accused Ralph and who was in the park watching for the approach of an officer is under arrest. He gave himself away and must tell the truth. Just how you got my automobile tipped over I can't say, but some of your men probably telephoned ahead after I left the city hall with it. I should have left it there and taken another, but it turned out all right. I can't tell how you got the people of the house away so cleverly, or how you came to have Ralph's knife, but that will come out before you are hanged."

The woman glared at the detective but remained silent.

The housekeeper and the servants now came rushing in. All had been decoyed away by spurious messages, and all were fearful that the house had been robbed from cellar to attic during their absence. It transpired that even Annie had been coaxed to the theater on the plea that a friend had taken a box and was anxious to have her with her during the evening.

Some time before Dick had sent one of the policemen after a patrol wagon, and the prisoners were all taken away. The Spaniard was revived at headquarters. The chief of police sat in a brown study for a moment after the detective had finished telling the story of the night.

"That woman must be a devil to make such an attempt to hang an innocent man," he said. "I wouldn't give much for her show, now that two men have confessed."

"Two?" asked Nick.

"Yes, the man held as a witness has confessed the whole plot. The woman will hang, while the others will get life terms. The Mapes home and this young man from New York may now see a little peace. The chief devil is out of commission."

And the predictions of the chief of police came true. The case was closed for good this time, and Ralph went back to New York a better man. The reward was a large one, but the story of that need not be told here.

(The end.)

Hardship in California.

A member of the California State Board of Health came East recently. On the train an inquisitive traveling man asked as to the truth or falsity of the published rumor regarding the enforced abandonment of whiskers on the part of the dairymen of his State.

"True, every word of it," said the Californian. "And maybe it wasn't awful to witness the suffering of some of those old chaps when they came to the parting hour! In fact, it is to get my mind on more cheerful scenes and forget the heart-rending tragedies I have recently witnessed that I am taking this tour.

"One old chap from Gardena, near Los Angeles, wept as if his heart would break when he was led from the barber shop minus those Eolian-harp galways that had fringed his jaw for more years than he had cows. He just stood there and sobbed over that pile of raveled rope until the barber had to mop out. When he went home his wife didn't know him, and he had to show her his strawberry mark before she would let him into the house. When he went out to milk the cows would not permit him to approach them. They all galloped wildly over the field until he went and cut off a large portion of his horse's tail and fastened it on his countenance.

"Enterprising makers of hair mattresses, boxing gloves, saddle pads, horse collars and similar articles got busy buying up the hirsute leavings, and the price of such goods has gone down 40 per cent in the state, so big was the crop.

"Another branch of trade which has benefited largely by the board's drastic anti-whiskers order is the haberdashers' business. Many hundreds of dairymen whose beards had been serving to conceal their cravatlessness have been rushing into the towns and villages to buy made-up four-in-hands and celluloid collars.

"Yes," sighed the Californian, "it has worked great hardship on the men, but we can't help feeling that there will be fewer bacteria in the milk since we have made them shed their foliage."

An Ohio man's excuse for facing the bartender is that his wife's kisses are not sufficiently intoxicating.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

The Dignity and Sacredness of Motherhood.

Think of the greatest man who has ever lived upon this earth, and then think of him as he lay, an infant, in his mother's arms. Does it seem possible that he should have grown, become great in the world's estimate and perhaps had monuments erected to perpetuate his memory, and yet that the world should have forgotten even the name of the woman who bore him? The son's work is the mother's *primarily* and, therefore, the recognition of the dignity and tender sacredness of motherhood should no longer be delayed. It is high time that this country's greatest treasures—THE WOMEN WHO HAVE CONTRIBUTED LARGELY TO MAKE IT WHAT IT IS—should be recognized.

Why should not these good mothers be given the right to vote and have a voice in our government—a right that is accorded to some of the most ignorant, most insignificant and vilest of men?

It has been well said that "for every monument to a great man there should be a monument to his mother and the mother's monument should be built first."

But it is not so much the purpose of this brief article to advocate the just rights and privileges due to the women of this country, although it has afforded the writer great pleasure to pen the foregoing brief tribute to their worth and just deserts, as it is to call attention to the fact that when broken down in health and strength by over-work, the too frequent bearing of children, the never ending toil, worry and care of the household, or by whatever may overtax the strength and delicacy of her sensitive system, there is *one*, tried and proven, *safe* remedy upon which she may rely to regain health, strength and the power to fully enjoy life.

That remedy is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—a remedy made wholly from the roots of native forest plants which have been proven to be most *efficacious*, *reliable* and *safe* in the cure of woman's peculiar weaknesses, periodical pains, irregularities, wasting and weakening catarrhal, pelvic drains and kindred ailments. It is a remedy, the makers of which print its formula on every bottle-wrapper *and attest its completeness and correctness under oath;* a remedy devised and adapted to woman's delicate constitution by an educated physician—an experienced specialist in woman's diseases; a remedy, every ingredient of which has received the written endorsement of the most eminent medical writers of all the several schools of practice for the cure of woman's peculiar diseases; a remedy which has more *bona-fide* cures to its credit than any other sold by druggists for woman's special requirements and the only one **which contains no alcohol in its make up**

Delicate, weak, nervous women should especially shun the use of alcoholic medicines which, from their stimulating and exhilerating effects may seem, for a time, to do good, but which, from the inevitable effects of the alcohol in shrinking up the red corpuscles of the blood, are sure to do great and lasting harm in the long run. Besides they beget a craving for stimulants which is most deplorable. "Favorite Prescription" is *the one* remedy for woman's ills which contains no alcohol.

Only invigorating and nerve strengthening effects can follow the use of this famous medicine for women. It can not possibly do harm in any state or condition of the system.

If a woman has bearing down, or dragging pains, low down in the abdomen, or pelvis, backache, frequent headaches, dizzy or fainting spells, is nervous and easily startled, has gnawing feeling in stomach, sees imaginary floating specks, or spots before her eyes, has melancholia, or "blues," or a weakening disagreeable, catarrhal drain from pelvic organs, she can make no mistake by resorting to the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It will invigorate and tone up the whole system and especially the pelvic organs.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Perscription is a scientific medicine, carefully devised by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate system. Being made of native American medicinal roots, and without alcohol, it is perfectly harmless in its effects *in any condition of the female system.*

As a powerful invigorating tonic, "Favorite Prescription" imparts lasting strength to the whole system and to the organs distinctly feminine in particular. For over-worked, "worn-out," run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," house-keepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

As a soothing and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, nervous exhaustion, nervous prostration, neuralgia, hysteria, spasms, St. Vitus's dance, and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womanly organs. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

No woman suffering from any of the above symptoms can afford to accept any secret nostrum or medicine *of unknown composition*, as a substitute for a medicine like Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which is OF KNOWN COMPOSITION and has a record of over forty years of cures and sells more largely to-day than ever before. Its makers withhold no secrets from their patients, believing open publicity to be the very best guaranty of merit.

Dr. Pierce invites all suffering women to consult him by letter *free of charge*. All letters of consultation are held as strictly private and sacredly confidential and all answers are returned in plain, sealed envelopes. Address: Dr. R. V. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

Saw the Ball Game.

"I am opposed to rowdyism and bullyragging of the umpire," said Mr. Meeque as he settled back in his seat to witness the base ball game between the home team and their hated rivals. "It is the one thing that is a detriment to our great and glorious—What's that? Did that wooden-headed numbskullian call that a strike on our man? Why that was no nearer a strike than the recent disturbances in the coal fields!

"As I was saying, this rough-housing works great detriment to our national game. Now, for my part, if I couldn't go to a game and abide by the decisions of the umpire, who is generally a clear-headed and much abus—Did you ever hear the like of that? He called that fine hit a foul. Why, it couldn't be fairer if it had been a peroxide blonde. I can't sit still and see this much longer. It makes me hot enough to boil beans on top of Pike's Peak.

"To continue our talk. As I was remarking, if I couldn't conduct myself in a decorous—Why, the robber! That man was out, if I ever saw a man put out. He could not been more effectively separated from the base with the aid of a Dakota divorce. Why doesn't he chloroform us if he is going to yegg the game from us that way? Is that the umpire who was reported to have had brain fever last winter? Why, he can prove an alibi on that charge.

"I certainly do detest this arguing at a ball game. Why, there is no more beautiful sport than base ball, if it is played without kicking—Did you hear that, Jones? He called that man safe, and you sit there without raising your voice in protest. Ah, ha! So he's going to lick our captain, eh? Well, we can all take a hand at that. Come on, Jones——"

When the smoke of battle had cleared away and Mr. Meeque had been removed from the sewing machine at Hope Hospital, his face looked as full of stitches as a renaissance piece at a rummage sale.

Is it any wonder man is called the unfair sex?—Judge.

Found It.

F. K. Gregory, assistant general passenger agent of the Sante Fe, has set a new fashion in railroad circles.

The winds from the bay are getting chilly, and Gregory has put a small oil stove in his office, at which the officials poke fun, although they occasionally sit around it and get warm.

The stove is placed over in one corner, where a stool formerly stood, and in the darkness it is hard to tell them apart.

"Where's that stove I've been hearing so much about?" said Fred Prince, as he walked into the office.

Gregory was silent, so Prince took a seat and arose with a howl.

"Did you find it?" asked Gregory, with the ghost of a smile.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Down on the Farm.

Silas Crawfoot—What has become of your husband, Mrs. Hardapple?

Mrs. Hardapple—Why, Hiram has locked himself in the garret and won't be disturbed. He is reading something of the greatest importance.

Silas Crawfoot—Do tell! President's messages or war rumors?

Mrs. Hardapple—Somethin' more important than that. He's reading his new farmer's almanace from the signs of the zodiac on the first page to the sass'prilla ad on the last page.

SIX ELEGANT PATTERNS FREE.

Select any six of the following up-to-date patterns. Send your selection to us, with one year's subscription to **The Chicago Ledger,** and we will send you the six patterns **absolutely free.** The **Ledger** is easily the best family story paper published. The fascinating tales and thrilling narratives in the numbers to come will make it still better.

REMEMBER, to avoid mistakes, you must give the number of the Pattern wanted. Do not fail to give bust measure for waist, or waist measure if skirt is desired. Unless you do as here stated we will not know what to send you.

One year's subscription costs but one dollar. Think of it—52 big, 16-page, illustrated papers at less than 2 cents apiece—and six of these accurately fitted patterns **free.** They are the **most** economical patterns made, and are the **very latest winter styles.**

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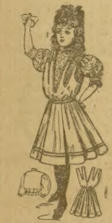
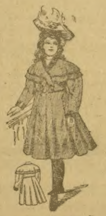
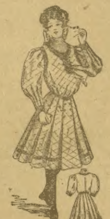
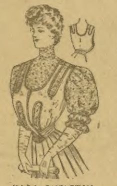
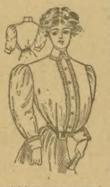
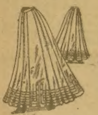

5603 GIRLS FROCK WITH GUIMPE 6 TO 12 YEARS

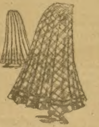

5567 GIRLS EMPIRE COAT 6 TO 12 YEARS

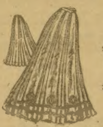

5591 GIRLS GUIMPE DRESS 8 TO 14 YEARS

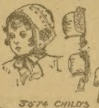

5576 SKELETON BLOUSE WITH GIRDLE 32 TO 40 BUST

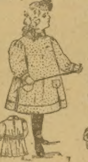

5607 PLAIN SHIRT WAIST 34 TO 44 BUST

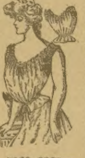

5572 SEVEN GORED WALKING SKIRT 22 TO 32 WAIST

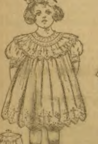

5592 MISSES SIDE PLAITED SKIRT 14 AND 16 YEARS

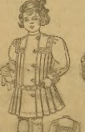

5587 NINE GORED TUCKED SKIRT 22 TO 32 WAIST

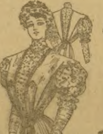

5574 CHILD'S ONE & TWO PIECE CAPS WITH REVERS 6 MOS. 1 AND 2 YEARS

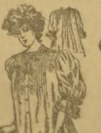

5606 CHILD'S APRON 2.4 AND 6 YEARS

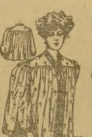

5498 CORSET COVER 32 TO 42 BUST

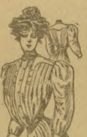

5596 CHILD'S ROUND YOKE DRESS 1.2 AND 4 YEARS

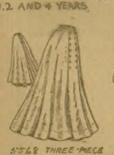

5608 CHILD'S DRESS 2.4 AND 6 YEARS

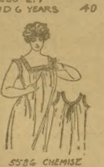

5566 FANCY WAIST 32 TO 40 BUST

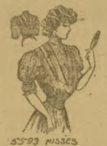

5594 NIGHT-GOWN 32 TO 40 BUST

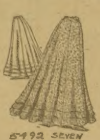

5583 KIMONO DRESSING SAQUE 32 TO 42 BUST

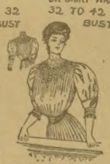

5577 BLOUSE OR SHIRT WAIST 32 TO 42 BUST


5568 THREE-PIECE SKIRT 22 TO 30 WAIST


5586 CHEMISE WITH SQUARE OR ROUND NECK 32 TO 42 BUST


5593 MISSES JUMPER WAIST WITH GUIMPE 14 AND 16 YEARS


5492 SEVEN GORED WALKING SKIRT 22 TO 32 WAIST


5565 BLOUSE WAIST 32 TO 40 BUST

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You can now obtain a large dollar-size free package of Man Medicine—free on request.

Man Medicine cures weakness.

Man Medicine has cured thousands upon thousands of weak men. Man Medicine will cure you, restore you to full strength.

Man Medicine cures vital weakness, nervous debility, early decay, discouraged manhood, brain fag, backache, prostatitis, kidney trouble and nervousness.

You can cure yourself at home by Man Medicine, and the full-size dollar package will be delivered to you free, plain wrapper, with full directions how to use it. The full-size dollar package free, no payments of any kind; no receipts; no promises; no papers to sign. It is free.

All we want to know is that you are not sending for it out of idle curiosity, but that you want to be well, and become your strong, natural self once more. Man Medicine will do what you want it to do—make you a real man.

Your name and address will bring it; all you have to do is to send and get it. We send it free to every discouraged man. Interstate Remedy Co., 1047 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

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An American movement Watch, Solid Gold Plated Case, fully warranted timekeeper, appears equal to Solid Gold Watch Guaranteed 25 Years. Also a Solid Gold Plated Ring set with a sparkling Chess Gem, are given Free to Boys & Girls or anyone selling 20 Silver Aluminum Thimbles at 10c each, a paper Gold-Eye Needles Free with each Thimble. They are easy to sell. Write for them. When sold send us the $2, and we will positively send you the Watch and Ring. Ladies' or Gent's Chain also. Address HOMESUPPLY CO. Dept. 181 CHICAGO.

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Any lady or gentleman wishing to correspond with the opposite sex for fun, pastime or improvement, should write at once to us. We have a large list of persons wishing to correspond. We introduce you by mail. Many pleasant flirtations and warm friends are arranged through us. Everything strictly confidential. We refer to this paper. Address with stamp for reply and membership blanks, Lock Box 259,
Personal Correspondence Club, Chicago, Ill.

FREE FARMS!

The New Homestead law offers every man or woman a farm Free. Send 25 cents for new book containing the new homestead law and the name and location of every United States Land Office. This book tells just where to go for free farms and exactly what to do and how to select the land in the states of Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Florida, Idaho, Kansas, Louisiana, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Mexico, N. Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, Utah, South Dakota, Washington, Wisconsin and Wyoming. You will find in this book how to secure free a farm among the gold hills of Colorado, the timberlands of Washington, the prairie farms of the west, or for fruit farms in the south. Write at once inclosing 25 cents for this new book. W. C. WATKINS & CO., 710 Lewis Block, . . . Pittsburg, Pa.

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FOR LOVERS AND OTHERS

Every lover and every one who writes letters should have a Weto Graph. It is a system of secret sign writing for correspondence, etc. If you have a Weto Graph you can preserve recipes, secret memorandum, addresses, or information you do not want anyone to find out. You can write to your friends on a postal and no one can find out what you have written. Lots of fun to have a Weto Graph. Don't miss it. Send 10 cents and we will send the Weto Graph by mail, with full instructions. Address PENN PUBLISHING CO., PARNASSUS, PA.

LIFE IN THE WOODS.

This is a very useful book, being a guide to the successful Hunting and Trapping of Wild Animals. It tells how to fish; gives right season for trapping; how to make, set and bait traps for all kinds of wild animals; how to make and use bird-lime; to tell true value of skins; to skin all animals; to dress and tan skins, furs, and leather, with or without wool or hair; to skin or stuff birds; baits and hooks for fishing; to fish successfully without nets, spears, snares, "bobs" or bait, a great secret; to choose and clean guns; to breed minks for skins; Bryon's Lightning Gunner, Sportsman's Hints, Helps and Suggestions, list of firms who buy and sell skins, furs, etc. In order to introduce our catalogue of bargains we will send you "Life in the Woods" upon receipt of 10 cents, stamps or silver. Write today to UNITED SPECIALTY CO., Book Dept., 94 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO, ILL. Ask for "Life in the Woods," when ordering.

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FOR MORE THAN TWENTY YEARS
we have made the cure of blood poison a specialty. Primary, Secondary or Tertiary Blood Poison Permanently Cured. You can be treated at home under same guaranty. Capital $500,000. We solicit the most obstinate cases. If you have exhausted the old methods of treatment, and still have aches and pains, Mucus Patches in Mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper-Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, write for proofs of cures. 100-page Book Free.
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When answering advertisements you will favor the advertiser and the publishers by mentioning The Chicago Ledger.

THE LITTLE SNOWFLAKE.

It was a little snowflake
  With tiny winglets furled;
Its warm cloud-mother held it fast
  Above the sleeping world.
All night the wild wind blustered,
  And blew o'er land and sea;
But the little snowflake huddled close,
  As safe as safe could be.

Then came the cold, gray morning,
  And the great cloud-mother said,
"Now every little snowflake
  Must properly lift its head,
And through the air go sailing
  Till it finds a place to light,
For I must weave a coverlet
  To clothe the earth in white."

The little snowflake fluttered,
  And gave a wee, wee, sigh,
But fifty million other flakes
  Came floating safely by;
And the wise cloud-mother sent them
  To keep the world's breast warm,
Through many a winter sunset,
  Through many a winter storm.

TRYING TO WHISTLE.

Joey puckered his little mouth to whistle,
His mouth so sweet and rosy and small,
But a smile crept out from a sunny dimple,
Straightened the pucker and spoiled it all.

Where They Came From.

Bessie and her father were sitting out on the lawn looking at the stars.

"That very red one," said her father, "is Mars, named after the god of war."

"The god of war!" cried Bessie. "Oh, papa, I wonder if that isn't where the shooting stars come from?"

Twenty-four persons living in County Tipperary, Ireland, are centenarians.

Beautify Your Home

The Editor Tells You Today How Easily You Can Win a Prize to Decorate Your Home

Did you ever win a prize—a real beautiful, artistic, valuable prize, something of which you felt proud?

If you have, I can point out a way for you to win another. If you have not, I can show you how you can win a magnificent one by the *slightest* effort.

For this great prize offer does not cost you one cent.

You want a pretty home, don't you?

So if you will follow me through this short article and then read the great prize offer on this page, you will discover how very, very easy it is to secure something that will give your home an artistic tone, something that will beautify it and make your friends envy you. You will say to yourself:

"My, I wish I had had this offer long ago."

Dinner Set For a Prize

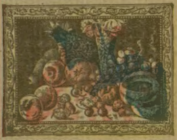
Look at the picture of the magnificent monogram dinner set on this page. 100,000 of the prize sets are going to be distributed free, and every one of our readers can have one of these sets free by doing a good turn for a friend of mine, Geo. Clark.

Now, Mr. Clark, as you may have heard, is the publisher of the famous high-art pictures, among the most beautiful pictures in the world, and he has asked me to tell you that he will give every one of my subscribers one of these magnificent dinner sets absolutely free as a prize if you merely help Mr. Clark a little by recommending and introducing a few of his pictures in your locality.

As you see, Mr. Clark does not want you to do any canvassing. It is not necessary to do any canvassing.

How To Win a Prize

Read carefully on this page where it says in big type, "Win a prize—how."



"NATURE'S GOODIES"—One of the beautiful facsimile framed pictures which will be sent to you.

Even if you do not succeed in carrying out the simple conditions of Mr. Clark's offer, you will receive an elegant prize anyway. You do not have to send any money as you do in so many prize offers, and for whatever effort you put out you will get at least one prize; so it is, as Mr. Clark says, a case where "you can't lose."

So Easy, So Very Easy

Mrs. Charlotte Miller of Purdue, Ind., a lady of my acquaintance, took advantage of Mr. Clark's offer. She received the pictures and was amazed at their beauty and Mr. Clark's method of disposing of them. That very afternoon one of her neighbors came in and saw the pictures lying on the table with part of the wrapping paper still around them.

"What perfectly beautiful pictures!" she exclaimed.

"Do you like them?" asked Mrs. Miller.

"Indeed I do."

"You can have my offer at 25c."

"Will you give me two on this plan for 50c?"

"Yes."

Mrs. Miller's friend purchased two pictures and took them away and told some of her acquaintances of her good fortune; they called on Mrs. Miller that very day, and before Mrs. Miller retired that night she had disposed of all 24 pictures and forwarded the $6.00 to Mr. Clark.

Prize Winner Is Pleased

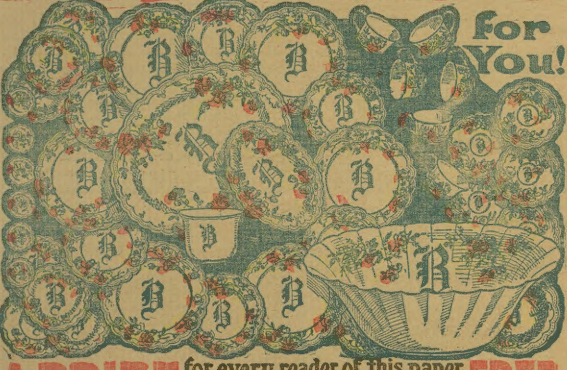
In three days the prize dishes arrived and Mrs. Miller tells me they are the most beautiful she ever saw any place. "I would not take anything for that set right now," she declared.

Can you picture your dining room with a beautiful gold monogram, Parisien China dinner set gracing the sideboard, the dinner table and the plate rail? Haven't you for a long time been wanting a set like this?

I have several of Mr. Clark's pictures in my home and they are certainly very beautiful. I cannot begin to show you here how they look in their many rich and splendid colors. They are perfect works of art, fit for any residence, measuring 16x20 inches. What is more, they come ready to hang on the wall, for every picture is finished complete ready for the wall just as received from Mr. Clark.

I hope that every one of my readers will sign the free coupon and send for Mr. Clark's *high-art pictures today.*

A Prize



A PRIZE for every reader of this paper FREE

This elegant 42 piece Monogram Dinner Set is free

42 PIECES
as follows:
6—9-in. PLATES 6—7-in. PLATES
6 CUPS 6 SAUCERS
6 FRUIT DISHES 6 BUTTER CHIPS
2 VEGETABLE DISHES
1 BREAD PLATE 1 CAKE PLATE
1 GRAVY BOWL 1 Large PLATTER
YOUR own initial in GOLD on every piece (cups and saucers excluded).

I AM Giving Away as PRIZES 100,000 sets of this elegant Dinner Service. Do not miss *your share*—a PRIZE of 42 pieces of beautiful China, artistically decorated, *your initial in gold* on the pieces. A PRIZE that costs you only a bit of your leisure time.

Send No Money, Not One Cent—The PRIZES are Absolutely Free

There are 100,000 of these prize-premium sets. *Be sure* to get one of the sets. Everybody can get one complete set as a free PRIZE and you can get it so very, very easily.

Certificate of Guarantee
by the Editor of this Paper

I hereby certify that every statement made on this page is the truthful, honest avowal of a large and thoroughly reliable firm. This prize offer is exactly as represented.

THE EDITOR.

This Elegant Dinner Set is made of finest Parisien China, the kind endorsed and used by the most stylish people. Although this superior china costs us a great deal of money, we chose the *Parisien* China to give away as PRIZES; for we figure that by being *very* generous with you and giving *you the best* right now, we would at once win your friendship and recommendation, and the beautiful dinner set standing on your table and envied by all neighbors—the best dinner set in town—ought to prove a fine advertisement for our proposition. As you can see from the picture, every piece of the dinner set is decorated with the modern high art, and besides, if you write at once, every piece (except cups and saucers) with *your initial in pure gold* free of charge. Read the first column of this page.

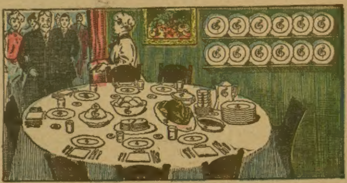
WIN A PRIZE—How:

Send no Money. Just mail the coupon at the bottom of this page. You will then get 24 famous high-art pictures, richly colored, 16 x 20 inches, complete with facsimile lithographed gold scroll frames for you to distribute, and two extra pictures for you to keep—a total of Twenty-Six (26) pictures. The two extra pictures you hang up in your home. Invite your friends to see your pictures, and whenever a friend calls hand her one of the other 24 pictures at only 25 cents each. By giving away the 24 pictures at only 25 cents each you will take in $6.00. Send us $6.00 and we will send you the beautiful, aristocratic 42-piece Monogram Dinner Set absolutely free.

As soon as people see the pictures decorating the walls of your room they will be *eager* to get a similar picture. But if for any reason you should not succeed, we will pay you for the number of pictures you distributed, and besides *we want you to keep the two extra pictures anyway*, just for having made an honest effort. *The art pictures are fully described by the editor in the first column of this page.*

At Least ONE PRIZE for Everybody

You cannot fail to get a PRIZE for whatever time you spare. Your Reward is Sure—even if you do not fulfill all the conditions of this prize offer you get two pictures free anyway just for having made an honest effort; and extra prizes besides for whatever you do.—But I know you can earn the grand prize—the beautiful monogram dinner set — very, very easily



Dining Room of Mayor Grosse, of Harlem, Ill., whose wife earned the beautiful monogram dinner set as a prize and also the free pictures. (*From photograph by Orville Hart, all rights reserved.*)

Mayor Grosse's wife writes us as follows: *"I received your beautiful monogram dinner set with initial in gold and it is certainly beautiful. The stores here do not carry anything like it. It is so artistic and elegant. I shall always be glad to recommend you for your fairness, promptness and generosity."—MRS. MARTIN V. GROSSE, Harlem, Ill., Oct. 9, 1906.*

Cultured and refined people appreciate this superior prize offer. Don't delay. Sign the free coupon at once and send right now to

GEO. CLARK, Mgr., 63-69 Washington St., Suite 1403, Chicago, Ill.

SIGN Your Name

And Address—That's All

You need not bother with a letter; just write your name and address plainly on coupon, inclose in an envelope and mail today, thereby *getting an early start* for a truly valuable PRIZE. Send coupon and get our prize offer *before anybody else gets it* in your town.

Free Coupon

GEO. CLARK, Mgr.,
63-69 Washington St.,
Suite 1403, CHICAGO, ILL.

I would like to earn your Monogram Dinner Set. Please send me your art pictures at once, prepaid, as per your offer above.

Name ....

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Address ....

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